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CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LORD BYRON,

With a Friend,

INCLUDING HIS LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER,

WRITTEN FROM

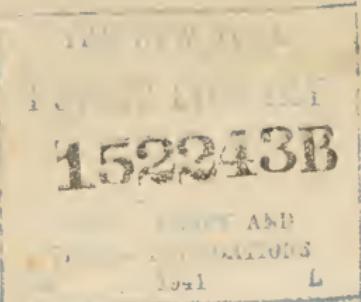
PORUGAL, SPAIN, GREECE, AND THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN,
IN 1809, 1810, AND 1811.

Philadelphia:

H. C. CAREY & I. LEA, CHESNUT STREET.
William Brown, Printer.

1825.

R.B.P.



Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

{  } BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-sixth day of March, in the forty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A.D. 1825, H. C. CAREY & I. LEA, of the said District, have deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"Correspondence of Lord Byron, with a Friend, including his Letters to his Mother, written from Portugal, Spain, Greece, and the shores of the Mediterranean, in 1809, 1810, and 1811."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LORD BYRON.

Mary Parker Byron

LORD BYRON was a nephew of the late Captain George Anson Byron, of the Royal Navy, who was married to my sister Henrietta Charlotte. In consequence of this connexion I was well acquainted with Lord Byron's father and mother. The former, whose name was John, died at Valenciennes not long after the birth of his son, which took place at Dover, 22d January, 1788; the latter went with her child into Scotland, and I lost sight of them for many years. I heard of him when a boy at De Loyauté's academy, and afterwards, on the death of the old Lord, his grand uncle, when he was placed at Harrow. Captain Byron and my sister were then both dead, and I saw little of the Byron family for several years.

At the end of the year 1807, some of my family observed in the newspapers, extracts from

A

Lord Byron's juvenile Poems, which he had published under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. I ordered the volume, which I received on the 27th of December. I read it with great pleasure, and, if it is not saying too much for my own judgment, discerned in it marks of the genius which has been since so universally acknowledged. Though sensible of some personal gratification from this proof of superior talents breaking forth in the nephew of my friend and brother, it did not enter my mind to make it the occasion of seeking the author, till I was urged to compliment him upon his publication, which I did in the letter that stands first in the following correspondence.

He was called George after his uncle, who was his godfather: the name of Gordon had been assumed by his father in compliance with a condition imposed by will on the husband of Miss Gordon, the maiden name of his mother, and on the representatives of her family.

LETTER I.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE GORDON,
LORD BYRON.

King's Road, Chelsea, Jan. 6, 1808.

My Lord,

Your poems were sent to me a few days ago. I have read them with more pleasure than I can express, and I feel myself irresistibly impelled to pay a tribute on the effusions of a noble mind in strains so truly poetic. Lest, however, such a tribute from a stranger should appear either romantic or indecorous, let me inform your Lordship that the name of Byron is extremely dear to me, and that for some portion of my life I was intimately connected with, and enjoyed the friendship of, a near relation of yours, who had begun to reflect new lustre on it, and who, had he lived, would have added a large share of laurels to those which your muse so sweetly commemorates: I mean your father's brother, through whom I also knew your father and mother.

Your poems, my Lord, are not only beautiful as compositions, they bespeak a heart glowing with honour, and attuned to virtue, which is infinitely the higher praise. Your addresses to Newstead Abbey, a place about which I have often conversed with your uncle, are in the true

spirit of chivalry, and the following lines are in a spirit still more sublime :

"I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,
With me no corroding resentment shall live ;
My bosom is calmed by the simple reflection
That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive."

A spirit that brings to my mind another noble author, who was not only a fine poet, orator, and historian, but one of the closest reasoners we have on the truth of that religion, of which forgiveness is a prominent principle ; the great and the good Lord Lyttelton, whose fame will never die. His son, to whom he had transmitted genius but not virtue, sparkled for a moment, and went out like a falling star, and with him the title became extinct. He was the victim of inordinate passions, and he will be heard of in this world only by those who read the English peerage. The lines which I have just cited, and the sentiments that pervade your volume, sufficiently indicate the affinity of your mind with the former ; and I have no doubt that like him you will reflect more honour on the peerage than the peerage on you.

I wish, my Lord, that it had been within your plan, and that you had been permitted to insert among your poems the verses from your friend, complaining of the warmth of your descriptions. It must have been much to his honour ; and, from

the general sentiments of your reply, I think your Lordship will not long continue of an opinoin you express in it: I mean, that you will not always consider the strength of virtue in some, and the downhill career of other young women, as rendering the perusal of very lively descriptions a matter of indifference. Those whom education and early habits have made strong, and those whom neglected nurseries or corrupt schools have rendered weak, are, perhaps, few, compared to the number that are, for a time, undecided characters; that is, who have not been advanced to the adamantine rock of purity by advice and by example; nor, on the other hand, are yet arrived at the steep pitch of descent, where their progress cannot be arrested, but are still within the influence of impressions. Rousseau acknowledges the danger of warm descriptions, in the front of a book in which that danger is pushed to its utmost extent; and, at the same time, with his usual paradoxical inconsistency, says it will not be his fault that certain ruin ensues, for good girls should not read novels. I have not the *New Heloise* by me, but I translate the passage from an *Essay on Romances* by Marmontel: "No chaste young woman," says Rousseau, "ever reads novels, and I have given this a title sufficiently expressive to show, on opening it, what is to be expected. She who, in spite of that title, shall dare to read a single page

of it, is a *lost young woman*: but let her not impute her ruin to this book: the mischief was done before, and as she has begun let her read to the end; she has nothing more to risk." On this Marmontel asks if the tittle, LETTERS OF TWO LOVERS, is a bugbear; and adds: "shall he who puts sweet poison in the reach of children say, if they poison themselves, that he is not to be blamed for it?"

Having perhaps already trespassed too much on your time, I will not pursue this subject further, but content myself with referring your Lordship to the essay which I have cited, for an admirable critique on Rousseau's novel. It is printed with Marmontel's other works.

And now, my Lord, shall I conclude with an apology for my letter? If I thought one necessary I would burn it: yet I should feel myself both delighted and honoured if I were sure your Lordship is better pleased with its being put into the post than into the fire. Most sincerely do I wish you success in those pursuits to which I conceive you allude in your preface; and I congratulate you that, at so early a period of your life, and in spite of being a favourite of the muses, you feel yourself born for your country.

I am, my Lord,

Your most obedient servant,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER II.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle street, Jan. 20, 1808.

Sir,

Your letter was not received till this morning, I presume from being addressed to me in Notts, where I have not resided since last Juné, and as the date is the 6th, you will excuse the delay of my answer.

If the little volume you mention has given pleasure to the author of *Percival and Aubrey* I am sufficiently repaid by his praise; though our periodical censors have been uncommonly lenient, I confess a tribute from a man of acknowledged genius is still more flattering. But I am afraid I should forfeit all claim to candour, if I did not decline such praise as I do not deserve; and this is, I am sorry to say, the case in the present instance. The compositions speak for themselves, and must stand or fall by their own worth or demerit: *thus far* I feel highly gratified by your favourable opinion. But my pretensions to virtue are unluckily so few, that though I should be happy to merit, I cannot accept, your applause in that respect. One passage in your letter struck me forcibly: you mention the two Lords Lyttelton

in the manner they respectively deserve, and will be surprised to hear the person who is now addressing you has been frequently compared to the *latter*. I know I am injuring myself in your esteem by this avowal, but the circumstance was so remarkable from your observation, that I cannot help relating the fact. The events of my short life have been of so singular a nature, that, though the pride commonly called honour has, and I trust ever will, prevent me from disgracing my name by a mean or cowardly action, I have been already held up as the votary of licentiousness, and the disciple of infidelity. How far justice may have dictated this accusation I cannot pretend to say, but, like the *gentleman* to whom my religious friends, in the warmth of their charity, have already devoted me, I am made worse than I really am. However, to quit myself, (the worst theme I could pitch upon,) and return to my poems, I cannot sufficiently express my thanks, and I hope I shall some day have an opportunity of rendering them in person. A second edition is now in the press, with some additions and considerable omissions; you will allow me to present you with a copy. The Critical, Monthly, and Anti-Jacobin Reviews have been very indulgent, but the Eclectic has pronounced a furious philippic, not against the *book* but the *author*, where you will find all I

have mentioned asserted by a reverend divine who wrote the critique.

Your name and connexion with our family have been long known to me, and I hope your person will be not less so; you will find me an excellent compound of a "Bainless" and a "Stanhope."* I am afraid you will hardly be able to read this, for my hand is almost as bad as my character; but you will find me as legibly as possible,

Your obliged
And obedient servant,

BYRON.

LETTER III.

TO LORD BYRON.

King's Road, Jan. 21st, 1808.

My Lord,

I am much indebted to the impulse that incited me to write to you, for the new pleasure it has procured me.

Though your letter has made some alteration in the portrait my imagination had painted, it has in two points heightened it: the candour with

* Characters in the novel of *Percival*.

which you decline praise you think you do not deserve, and your declaration that you should be happy to merit it, convince me that you have been very injudiciously compared to the last Lord Lyttelton. I own that, from the design you express in your preface of resigning the service of the Muses for a different vocation, I conceived you bent on pursuits which lead to the character of a legislator and statesman. I imagined you at one of the universities, training yourself to habits of reasoning and eloquence, and storing up a large fund of history and law, preparatory to the time when your rank in society must necessarily open to you an opportunity of gratifying a noble ambition. But I have not taken up the pen to make your Lordship's letter the subject of a sermon; on the contrary, I am perfectly sensible that if you do indeed need the reform some of your friends think you do, pedantry will never effect it; and though my years and the compliments you pay me might be some excuse for me, the only inclination I feel at present is to express a warm wish that so much candour, good sense, and talent, may lead you to the knowledge of TRUTH, and the enjoyment of REAL HAPPINESS. I write principally to thank you for the honour you intend me by a gift of the new edition of your poems, which I shall be happy to receive; and to say that I mean to avail myself of your expressions relative to a

meeting to pay my compliments to you in Albemarle street, in the course of a few days.

While the pen is in my hand, I will just say that my mention of Lord Lyttelton to you, who had been compared with him, is singular: but it is no less remarkable that before I was of your age I was anxious to see him, and went from school to the House of Peers on purpose, when he introduced a bill for licensing a theatre at Manchester, in which I heard him opposed by your relation Lord Carlisle. No, no; you are not like him—you *shall not* be like him, except in eloquence.

Pardon this last effusion, and believe me to be,

My Lord,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER IV.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Dorant's, Jan. 21st, 1808.

Sir,

Whenever leisure and inclination permit me the pleasure of a visit, I shall feel truly gratified in a personal acquaintance with one whose mind has been long known to me in his writings.

You are so far correct in your conjecture, that I am a member of the University of Cambridge, where I shall take my degree of A. M. this term; but were reasoning, eloquence, or virtue, the objects of my search, Granta is not their metropolis, nor is the place of her situation an "El dorado," far less an Utopia. The intellects of her children are as stagnant as her Cam, and their pursuits limited to the church—not of Christ, but of the nearest benefice.

As to my reading, I believe I may aver, without hyperbole, it has been tolerably extensive in the historical department; so that few nations exist, or have existed, with whose records I am not in some degree acquainted, from Herodotus down to Gibbon. Of the classics I know about as much as most schoolboys after a discipline of thirteen years: of the *Law of the Land*, as much as enables me to keep "within the statute," to use the poacher's vocabulary: I did study the "Spirit of Laws," and the Law of Nations; but when I saw the latter violated every month, I gave up my attempts at so useless an accomplishment: of Geography, I have seen more land on maps than I should wish to traverse on foot: of Mathematics enough to give me the head-ach without clearing the part affected: of Philosophy, Astronomy, and Metaphysics, more than I can comprehend; and,

of common sense so little, that I mean to leave a Byronian prize at each of our “Almæ Matres” for the first discovery, though I rather fear that of the longitude will precede it.

I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum: I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in *pain* for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me that bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument overset my maxims and my temper at the same moment, so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes the *τὸ οὐλόν*. In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St. Paul, though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage. In religion I favour the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the pope; and I have refused to take the sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a *feeling*, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity; and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the *wicked*

George Lord Byron; and, till I get a new suit,
you will perceive I am badly clothed. I remain,
Yours very truly,

BYRON.

I considered these letters, though evidently grounded on some occurrences in the still earlier part of his life, rather as *jeux d'esprit* than as a fine portrait. I called on him on the 24th of January, and was delighted with the interview. In a few days, the 27th, I dined with him, and was more and more pleased with him. I saw nothing to warrant the character he had given of himself: on the contrary, when a young fellow collegian, who dined with us, introduced a topic on which I did not hesitate to avow my orthodoxy, he very gracefully diverted the conversation from the channel of ridicule which it had begun to take, and partly combated on my side, though, as I was afterwards convinced, his opinion did not differ from his companion's, who was also a polite gentleman, and did not make me feel the contempt which he probably entertained for the blindness of my understanding. After this I saw him frequently, always with new pleasure, but occasionally mixed with pain, as intimacy removed the polite apprehension of offending, and showed me his engrafted opinions of religion. I must say *engrafted*, for I think he was inoculated by the

young pridelings of intellect, with whom he associated at the University. In the course of the spring he left town, and I did not see him or hear from him, for several months.

In the beginning of the next year, I was agreeably surprised on receiving a note from him, dated Jan. 20th, at Reddish's Hotel, St. James's-street, requesting to see me on the morning of the Sunday following. I did not fail to keep the appointment. It was his birth-day, (Jan. 22, 1809,) and that on which he came of age. He was in high spirits; indeed, so high as to seem to me more flippant on the subject of religion, and some others, than he had ever appeared before. But he tempered the overflow of his gaiety with good manners, and so much kindness, that, far from being inclined to take offence, I felt a hope that by adopting forbearance, I might do him some service in an occasional argument or sentiment: for, although I did not put on solemn looks, I never, for a moment allowed him to imagine that I could adopt his opinions on sacred points. He talked of the Earl of Carlisle with more than indignation. I had heard him before speak bitterly of that nobleman, whose applause he had courted for his juvenile poetry, and from whom he received a frigid answer, and little attention. But his anger that morning proceeded from another cause. Overcoming, or rather stifling the resentment of

the poet, he had written to remind the Earl that he should be of age at the commencement of the ensuing session of parliament, in expectation of being introduced by him, and, being presented as his near relation, saved some trouble and awkwardness. A cold reply informed him, technically, of the mode of proceeding; but nothing more. Extremely nettled, he determined to lash his relation with all the gall he could throw into satire. He declaimed against the ties of consanguinity, and abjured even the society of his sister. When he had vented his resentment on this subject, he attacked the editor and other writers of the *Edinburgh Review*; and then told me that, since I last saw him, he had written a satire on them, which he wished me to read. He put it into my hands, and I took it home. I was surprised and charmed with the nerve it evinced. I immediately wrote to him upon it, and he requested me to get it published without his name. I offered it to the house of Messrs. Longman & Co.; but they declined it, from its asperity. I then gave it to Mr. Cawthorn, by whom it was published.

LETTER V.

TO LORD BYRON.

King's Road, Jan. 24th, 1809.

My dear Lord Byron,

I have read your satire with infinite pleasure, and were you sufficiently acquainted with my mind to be certain that it cannot stoop to flattery, I would tell you that it rivals the Baviad and Maviad; but, till my praise is of that value, I will not be profuse of it.

I think in general with you of the literary merit of the writers introduced. I am particularly pleased with your distinction in Scott's character;—a man of genius adopting subjects which men of genius will hardly read twice, if they can go through them once. But, in allowing Mr. Scott to be a man of genius, and agreeing, as you must, after the compliments you pay to Campbell and McNeil, that he is not the only one Scotland has produced, it will be necessary to sacrifice, or modify, your note relative to the introduction of the kilted goddess, who, after all, in having to kiss such a son as you picture Jeffrey, can be but a spurious germ of divinity.

As you have given me the flattering office of looking over your poem with more than a com-

mon reader's eye, I shall scrutinize, and suggest any change I may think advantageous. And, in the first place, I propose to you an alteration of the title. "The British Bards" * immediately brings to the imagination those who were slain by the first Edward. If you prefer it to the one I am going to offer, at least let the definite article be left out. I would fain have you however call the satire, "The Parish Poor of Parnassus;" which will afford an opportunity for a note of this nature:—"Booksellers have been called the midwives of literature; with how much more propriety may they now be termed overseers of the poor of Parnassus, and keepers of the workhouse of that desolated spot."

I enclose a few other alterations of passages, straws on the surface, which you would make yourself, were you to correct the press.

I will also take the liberty of sending you some two dozen lines, which, if they neither offend your ear nor your judgment, I wish you would adopt, on account of the occasion which has prompted them. I am acquainted with ***, and, though not on terms of very close intimacy, I know him sufficiently to esteem him as a man. He has but a slender income, out of which he manages to support two of his relations. His literary standard

* This was the intended title of the satire.

is by no means contemptible, and his objects have invariably been good ones. Now for any author to step out of the common track of criticism to make a victim of such a man by the means of a particular book, made up of unfair ridicule and caricature, for the venal purpose of collecting a few guineas, is not only unworthy of a scholar, but betrays the malignity of a demon. If you think my lines feeble, let your own breast inspire your pen on the occasion, and send me some.

I shall delay the printing as little as possible ; but I have some apprehension as to the readiness of my publishers to undertake the sale, for they have a large portion of the work of the poor of Parnassus to dispose of. I will see them without delay, and persuade them to it if I can ; if not, I will employ some other. Southey is a great favourite of theirs, and I must be ingenuous enough to tell you, that though I have ever disapproved of the absurd attempt to alter, or rather destroy the harmony of our verse, and found *Joan of Arc* and *Madoc* tedious, I think the power of imagination, though of the marvellous, displayed in *Thalaba*,

“ Arabia’s monstrous, wild, and wondrous son,”
evinces much genius.

I see your muse has given a couplet to your noble relation ; I doubt whether it will not be read as the two severest lines in the satire, and do, what I

could wish avoided for the present, betray the author, which will render abortive a thought that has entered my mind of having the Satire most favourably reviewed in the *Satirist*, which, on its being known afterwards to be yours, would raise a laugh against your enemies in that quarter. Consider, and tell me, whether the lines shall stand.* I agree that there is only *one* among the peers on whom Apollo deigns to smile ; but, believe me, that peer is no *relation* of yours.

I am sorry you have not found a place among the genuine sons of Apollo for Crabbe, who, in spite of something bordering on servility in his dedication, may surely rank with some you have admitted to his temple. And now, before I lay down my pen, I will tell you the passage which gave me the greatest pleasure—that on Little. I am no preacher, but it is very pleasing to read such a confirmation of the opinion I had formed

* The lines were :

“On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle.”

I was not a little surprised at this compliment after what I had so lately heard him say of Lord Carlisle ; but the fact is, that the couplet was composed before he had written to his Lordship, and perhaps in contemplation of the attention he expected from him when he came of age. He brought the Satire from Newstead to London unaltered, and had not revised it when he put it into my hands. He not only changed it, but added lines and notes as the poem was going through the press.

of you ; to find you an advocate for keeping a veil over the* despotism of the senses. Such poems are far more dangerous to society than Rochester's. In your concluding line on Little, I would, though in a quotation, substitute, *line*, or *lay*, for *life*.

" She bids thee mend thy *line* and sin no more."*

Pray answer as soon as you conveniently can,
and believe me ever, my Lord,

Yours, most faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER VI.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Reddish's Hotel, Jan. 25, 1809.

My dear Sir,

My only reason for not adopting your lines is because they are *your* lines. You will recollect what Lady Wortley Montague said to Pope : " No touching, for the good will be given to you, and the bad attributed to me." I am determined it shall be all my own, except such alterations as may be absolutely requisite; but I am much obliged by the trouble you have taken and your good opinion.

* In the original the words were "mend thy life." He however, adopted the word *line*.

The couplet on Lord C. may be scratched out, and the following inserted :

Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
No future laurels deck a noble head;
Nor e'en a hackney'd muse will deign to smile
On minor Byron, or mature Carlisle.

This will answer the purpose of concealment. Now, for some couplets on Mr. Crabbe, which you may place after “Gifford, Sotheby, M‘Neil:”

There be who say in these enlightened days,
That splendid lies are all the poet’s praise;
That strained invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern bard to sing.
’Tis true that all who rhyme, nay all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to genius, trite:
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact in virtue’s name let Crabbe attest;
Though nature’s sternest painter, yet the best.

I am sorry to differ with you with regard to the title, but I mean to retain it with this addition : “The English* Bards and Scotch Reviewers:”—and, if we call it a *Satire*, it will obviate the objection, as the bards also were Welch: Your title is too humourous,—and as I know a

* The corrections of the pen are occasionally retained when they indicate doubt and choice. It is evident Lord B. meant to continue the original title, but substituting “English” for “British” after having written the latter, made a complete alteration.

little of * * *, I wish not to embroil myself with him, though I do not commend his treatment of * * *.

I shall be glad to hear from you, or see you, and beg you to believe me,

Your's, very sincerely,

BYRON.

LETTER VII.

TO LORD BYRON.

Chelsea, Feb. 6th, 1809.

My dear Lord,

I have received your *lines*,* which shall be inserted in the proper place. May I say that I question whether *own* and *disown* be an allowable rhyme?

Translation's servile work at length disown,
And quit Achaia's muse to court your own.

You see I cannot let any thing pass ; but this only proves to you how much I feel interested.

I have inserted the note on the kilted goddess ; still I would fain have it omitted. My first objection was that it was a fiction in prose, too wide of fact, and not reconcileable with your own

* Those complimenting the translators of the Anthology.

praises of Caledonian genius. Another objection now occurs to me of no little importance. There seems at present a disposition in Scotland to withdraw support from the Edinburgh Reviewers. That disposition will favour the circulation of your Satire in the north: this note of yours will damp all ardour for it beyond the Tweed. You have yet time, tell me to suppress it when I next have the pleasure of seeing you, which will be when I receive the first proof. I did hope to be able to bring the proof this morning, but the printer could not prepare the paper, &c. for the press till to-day. I am promised one by the day after to-morrow.

I trust you will approve of what I have done with the bookseller. He is to be at all the expense and risk, and to account for half the profits,* for which he is to have an edition of a thousand copies. It would not have answered to him to have printed only five hundred on these terms. I have also promised him that he shall have the publishing of future editions, if the author chooses to continue it; but I told him that I could not dispose of the copyright.

I have no doubt of the poem being read in every

* The whole of the profits were left to the publisher without purchase.

quarter of the United Kingdom, *provided, however,* you do not affront Caledonia.

I am,

My dear Lord Byron,

Yours most faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER VIII.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Feb. 7th, 1809.

My dear Sir,

Suppose we have this couplet—

Though sweet the sound disdain a borrow'd tone,
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own;

or,

Though soft the echo scorn a borrow'd tone,
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

So much for your admonitions; but my note of notes, my solitary pun, must not be given up—no, rather

“Let mightiest of all the beasts of chace,
That roam in woody Caledon”

come against me; my annotation must stand.

We shall never sell a thousand: then why print so many? Did you receive my yesterday's note? I am troubling you, but I am apprehensive some of the lines are omitted by your young amanuensis, to whom, however, I am infinitely obliged.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

LETTER IX.

TO LORD BYRON.

Chelsea, Feb. 7th, 1809.

My dear Lord,

On another perusal of the objectionable note, I find that the omission of two lines only would render it inoffensive—but as you please.

I observed to you that in the opening of the poem there appears to be a sudden stop with Dryden. I still feel the gap there; and wish you would add a couple of lines for the purpose of connecting the sense, saying that Otway and Congreve had wove mimic scenes, and Waller tuned his lyre to love. If you do, “But why these names, &c.” would follow well—and it is perhaps the more requisite as you lash our present dramatists.

"Half Tweed combined his waves to form a tear,"

will perhaps strike you, on reconsidering the line, to want alteration. You may make the river god act without cutting him in two: you may make him ruffle half his stream to yield a tear.

"Hoyle, whose learned page, &c." The pronoun is an identification of the antecedent *Hoyle*, which is not your meaning—say, *Not he whose learned page, &c.*

"Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lonely queen."

The primary and obvious sense of *lonely* is solitary, which does not preclude the idea of the ocean having other queens. You may have some authority for the use of the word, in the acceptance you here give it; but, like the custom in Denmark, I should think it more honoured in the breach than the observance. *Only* offers its service; or why not change the epithet altogether?

I mention these little points to you now, because there is time to do as you please. I hope to call on you to-morrow; if I do not, it will be because I am disappointed of the proof.

Believe me, my dear Lord,

Yours faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

I now saw Lord Byron daily. It was about this time that Lord Falkland was killed in a duel, which suggested some lines as the satire was going through the press. Nature had endowed Lord Byron with very benevolent feelings, which I have had opportunities of discerning, and I have seen them at times render his fine countenance most beautiful. His features seemed formed in a peculiar manner for emanating the high conceptions of genius, and the workings of the passions. I have often, and with no little admiration, witnessed these effects. I have seen them in the glow of poetical inspiration, and under the influence of strong emotion; on the one hand mounting to virulence, and on the other replete with all the expression and grace of the mild and amiable affections. When under the influence of resentment and anger, it was painful to observe the powerful sway of those passions over his features: when he was impressed with kindness, which was the natural state of his heart, it was a high treat to contemplate his countenance. I saw him the morning after Lord Falkland's death. He had just come from seeing the lifeless body of the man with whom he had a very short time before spent a social day; he now and then said, as if it were to himself, but aloud,—“ Poor Falkland!” He looked more than he spoke. “ But his wife! it is she who is to be pitied!” I saw his mind teem-

ing with benevolent intentions—and they were not abortive. If ever an action was pure, that which he then meditated was so; and the spirit that conceived, the man that performed it, was at that time making his way through briars and brambles to that clear but narrow way which leads to heaven. You, who have taken pains to guide him from it, must answer for it!

The remembrance of the impression produced on Lord Byron by Lord Falkland's death, at the period I am retracing, has excited this slight, but sincere and just effusion, and I am sensible that the indulgence of it needs no apology.

As the printing of his satire proceeded, I urged some alterations and omissions successfully, and others not so. He continued, while the work was in the press, constantly adding to it. The following notes which he wrote to me, and which came quickly after me by the post, as from time to time I quitted him, will show how much his mind was bent upon it.

SHORT NOTES.

I wish you to call, if possible, as I have some alterations to suggest as to the part about Brougham.

B.

Feb. 11th, 1809.

Excuse the trouble, but I have added two lines which are necessary to complete the poetical character of Lord Carlisle.

Yours, &c. B.

Feb. 12th, 1809.

I wish you much to call on me, about *one*, not later, if convenient, as I have some thirty or forty lines for addition.

Believe me, &c. B.

Feb. 15, 1809.

. Ecce iterum Crispinus!—I send you some lines
to be placed after “Gifford, Sotheby, M’Neil.”
Pray call to-morrow any time before two, and be-
lieve me, &c. B.

P. S. Print soon or I shall overflow with more rhyme.

Feb. 16th, 1809.

I enclose some lines to be inserted, the six first after, "Lords too are bards, &c." or rather immediately following the line:

" Oh! who would take their titles with their rhymes?"

The four next will wind up the panegyric on Lord Carlisle, and come after " tragic stuff."

Yours, truly,

B.

Feb. 19th, 1809.

In these our times with daily wonders big,
A letter'd peer is like a letter'd pig !
Both know their alphabet, but who from thence
Infers that peers or pigs have manly sense?
Still less that such should woo the graceful nine ?
Parnassus was not made for lords and swine,
Roscommon, Sheffield, &c. &c.

* * * * *

. tragic stuff.
Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
And case his volumes in congenial calf:
Yes, doff that covering where Morocco shines,
" And hang a calf-skin on those recreant" lines.*

A cut at the opera.—Ecce signum! from last night's observation, and inuendoes against the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The lines will come well in after the couplets concerning Naldi and Catalani.

Yours truly,

BYRON.

Feb. 22d, 1809.

* I prevailed upon him to suppress the six first lines; the four last were added with a note.

To the poem, as I originally received it, he added a hundred and ten lines, including those to Mr. Gifford, on the Opera, Kirke White, Crabbe, the Translators of the Anthology, and Lord Carlisle, and most of the address to Mr. Scott towards the conclusion. He once intended to prefix an argument to the Satire, and wrote one. I had it among many other manuscripts of his, and as it becomes a curiosity I insert it.

Argument intended for the Satire.

The poet considereth times past and their poesy—maketh a sudden transition to times present—is incensed against book-makers—revileth W. Scott for cupidity and ballad-mongering, with notable remarks on Master Southey—complaineth that Master Southey hath inflicted three poems epic and otherwise on the public—inveigheth against Wm. Wordsworth; but laudeth Mr. Coleridge and his elegy on a young ass—is disposed to vituperate Mr. Lewis—and greatly rebuketh Thomas Little (the late,) and the Lord Strangford—recommendeth Mr. Hayley to turn his attention to prose—and exhorteth the Moravians to glorify Mr. Grahame—sympathizeth with the Rev. — Bowles—and deploreheth the melancholy fate of Montgomery—breaketh out into invective against the Edinburgh Reviewers—calleth them hard names, harpies, and the like—apostrophiseth Jef-

fery and prophesieth—Episode of Jeffery and Moore, their jeopardy and deliverance ; portents on the morn of the combat ; the Tweed, Tolbooth, Frith of Forth severally shocked ; descent of a goddess to save Jeffery ; incorporation of the bullets with his sinciput and occiput—Edinburgh Reviewers *en masse*—Lord Aberdeen, Herbert, Scott, Hallam, Pillans, Lambe, Sydney Smith, Brougham, &c.—The Lord Holland applauded for dinners and translations.—The Drama ; Skeffington, Hook, Reynolds, Kenney, Cherry, &c.—Sheridan, Colman and Cumberland called upon to write—return to poesy—scribblers of all sorts—Lords sometimes rhyme ; much better not—Hafiz Rosa Matilda, and H. Y. Z.—Rogers, Campbell, Gifford, &c. true poets—translators of the Greek Anthology—Crabbe—Darwin's style—Cambridge—Seatonian Prize—Smythe—Hodson—Oxford—Richards—Poeta loquitur—conclusion.

The Satire was published about the middle of March, previous to which he took his seat in the House of Lords, on the 13th of the same month. On that day, passing down St. James's street, but with no intention of calling, I saw his chariot at his door, and went in. His countenance, paler than usual, showed that his mind was agitated, and that he was thinking of the nobleman to whom he had once looked for a hand and countenance in

his introduction to the House. He said to me—
“I am glad you happened to come in ; I am going
to take my seat, perhaps you will go with me.”
I expressed my readiness to attend him, while, at
the same time, I concealed the shock I felt on
thinking that this young man, who, by birth, for-
tune, and talent, stood high in life, should have
lived so unconnected and neglected by persons of
his own rank, that there was not a single member
of the senate to which he belonged, to whom he
could or would apply to introduce him in a man-
ner becoming his birth. I saw that he felt the
situation, and I fully partook his indignation. If
the neglect he had met with be imputed to an un-
toward or vicious disposition, a character which
he gave himself, and which I understood was also
given to him by others, it is natural to ask, how
came he by that disposition, for he got it not from
nature? Had he not been left early to himself, or
rather to dangerous guides and companions, would
he have contracted that disposition? Or even, had
nature been cross, might it not have been recti-
fied? During his long minority ought not his
heart and his intellect to have been trained to the
situation he was to fill? Ought he not to have
been saved from money-lenders, and men of busi-
ness? And ought not a shield to have been placed
over a mind so open to impressions, to protect it
from self-sufficient free-thinkers and witty sophs?

The wonder is, not that he should have erred, but that he should have broken through the cloud that enveloped him, which was dispersed solely by the rays of his own genius.

After some talk about the satire, the last sheets of which were in the press, I accompanied Lord Byron to the House. He was received in one of the anti-chambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees he had to pay. One of them went to apprise the Lord Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the House. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the Chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into a hand, the amiable offer of which demanded the whole of his. I was sorry to see this, for Lord

Eldon's character is great for virtue, as well as talent; and even in a political point of view, it would have given me inexpressible pleasure to have seen him uniting heartily with him. The Chancellor did not press a welcome so received; but resumed his seat; while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the Lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said: "If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party—but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side; I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad." We returned to St. James's street, but he did not recover his spirits. The going abroad was a plan on which his thoughts had turned for some time; I did not, however, consider it as determined, or so near at hand as it proved. In a few days he left town for Newstead Abbey, after seeing the last proof of the satire, and writing a short preface to the poem. In a few weeks I had the pleasure of sending him an account of its success in the following letter.

LETTER X.

TO LORD BYRON.

King's Road, April 17th, 1809.

My dear Lord Byron,

The essence of what I have to say to you was comprised in the few lines I wrote to you in the cover of my letter to Mr. H***. Your satire has had a rapid sale, and the publisher thinks the edition will soon be out. However, what I have to repeat to you is a legitimate source of pleasure, and I request you will receive it as the tribute of genuine praise.

In the first place, notwithstanding our precautions, you are already pretty generally known to be the author. So Cawthorn tells me, and a proof occurred to myself at Hatchard's, the Queen's bookseller. On inquiring for the satire, he told me that he had sold a great many, and had none left, and was going to send for more, which I afterwards found he did. I asked who was the author? He said it was believed to be Lord Byron's. Did *he* believe it? Yes, he did. On asking the ground of his belief, he told me that a lady of distinction had, without hesitation, asked for it as Lord Byron's satire. He likewise informed me that he had inquired of Mr. Gifford,

who frequents his shop, if it was yours. Mr. Gifford denied any knowledge of the author, but spoke very highly of it, and said a copy had been sent to him. Hatchard assured me that all who came to his reading-room admired it. Cawthorn tells me it is universally well spoken of, not only among his own customers, but generally at all the booksellers'. I heard it highly praised at my own publisher's, where I have lately called several times. At Phillips's it was read aloud by Pratt to a circle of literary guests, who were unanimous in their applause: The *Anti-jacobin*, as well as the *Gentleman's Magazine*, has already blown the trump of fame for you. We shall see it in the other Reviews next month, and probably in some severely handled, according to the connections of the proprietors and editors with those whom it lashes. I shall not repeat my own opinion to you; but I will repeat the request I once made to you, *never to consider me as a flatterer*. Were you a monarch, and had conferred on me the most munificent favours, such an opinion of me would be a signal of retreat, if not of ingratitude: but if you think me sincere, and like me to be candid, I shall delight in your fame, and be happy in your friendship.

I am, sincerely and faithfully, yours,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER XI.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

April 25th, 1809.

Dear Sir,

I am just arrived at Batt's Hotel, Jermyn-street, St. James's, from Newstead, and shall be very glad to see you when convenient or agreeable. Hobhouse is on his way up to town, full of printing resolution, and proof against criticism.

Believe me, with great sincerity,

Yours truly,

BYRON.

The success of the satire brought him thus quickly to town. He found the edition almost exhausted, and began preparing for another, to which he determined to prefix his name. I saw him constantly; and in about a fortnight found the poem completely metamorphosed, and augmented nearly four hundred lines, but retaining the whole of the first impression. He happily seized on some of the vices which at that juncture obtruded themselves on the public notice, and added some new characters to the list of authors, with censure or applause. Among those who re-

ceived the latter, it gave me great pleasure to find my excellent friend Waller Rodwell Wright, whose poem “*Horæ Ionicæ*” was just published.* He allowed me to take home with me his manuscripts as he wrote them ; and so soon as the 10th of May I had a note from him urging for them to be sent to the press. He was desirous of hastening the new edition in order that he might see the last proofs before he left England ; for, during his stay at Newstead Abbey, he had arranged with Mr. Hobhouse his plan of going abroad early in June, but whither, I believe, was not exactly settled ; for he sometimes talked to me of crossing the line, sometimes of Persia and India. As the new edition not only concluded in a most bitter strain, and contained besides a prose postscript, in which I thought he allowed his feelings to carry him to an excess of abuse and defiance that looked more like the vaunting ebullition of

“ Some fiery youth of new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,”

than the dignified revenge of genius, I endeavoured to prevail upon him to suppress or alter it, as the proofs which I corrected passed my hands, but I only obtained some modification of his expressions. The following letter, which was

* Mr. Wright was, at that time, Recorder of Bury, St. Edmunds, and is now the Chief Justice of Malta.

the last that I wrote to him respecting the satire before he left England, will show how strenuous I was on this point, and also the liberty which he allowed me to take.

LETTER XII.

TO LORD BYRON.

My dear Lord Byron,

Not being certain that I shall see you to-day, I write to tell you that I am angry with myself on finding that I have more deference for form, than friendship for the author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The latter prompted me to tear the concluding pages, left at Cawthorn's; the former withheld me, and I was weak enough to leave the lines to go to the printer. You have been so kind as to sacrifice some lines to me before. I beseech you to sacrifice these, for in every respect they injure the poem, they injure you, and are pregnant with what you do not mean. I WILL NOT let you print them. I am going to dine in St. James's Place to-day at five o'clock, and in the hope of having a battle with you I will be in St. James's-street about four.

I am most truly yours,

R. C. DALLAS.

King's Road, June 2d, 1809.

Very soon after this the Satire appeared in its new form, but too late for its author to enjoy his additional laurels before he left England. I was with him almost every day while he remained in London. Misanthropy, disgust of life, leading to scepticism and impiety, prevailed in his heart and embittered his existence. He had for some time past been grossly attacked in several low publications, which he bore, however, with more temper than he did the blind headlong assault on his genius by the Edinburgh Review. Unaccustomed to female society, he at once dreaded and abhorred it, and spoke of women, such I mean as he neither dreaded nor abhorred, more as playthings than companions. As for domestic happiness he had no idea of it. "A large family," he said, "appeared like opposite ingredients mixed perforce in the same salad, and he never relished the composition." Unfortunately, having never mixed in family circles, he knew nothing of them, and from being at first left out of them by his relations, he was so completely disgusted that he avoided them, especially the female part. "I consider," said he, "collateral ties as the work of prejudice, and not the bond of the heart, which must choose for itself unshackled." It was in vain for me to argue that the nursery and similarity of pursuits and enjoyments in early life are the best foundations of friendship and of love, and that to choose

freely the knowledge of home was as requisite as that of wider circles. In those wider circles he had found no friend, and but few companions, whom he used to receive with an assumed gaiety but real indifference at his heart, and spoke of with little regard, sometimes with sarcasm. He used to talk of one young man, who had been his school-fellow, with an affection which he flattered himself was returned. I occasionally met this friend at his apartments before his last excursion to Newstead. Their portraits, by capital painters, were elegantly framed, and surmounted with their respective coronets, to be exchanged. However, whether taught by ladies in revenge to neglect Lord Byron, or actuated by a frivolous inconstancy, he gradually lessened the number of his calls and their duration. Of this, however, Lord Byron made no complaint, till the very day I went to take my leave of him, which was the one previous to his departure. I found him bursting with indignation. "Will you believe it," said he, "I have just met *** and asked him to come and sit an hour with me; he excused himself; and what do you think was his excuse? He was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go shopping! And he knows I set out to-morrow, to be absent for years, perhaps never to return! Friendship! I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and perhaps my

mother, a single being who will care what becomes of me."

At this period of his life his mind was full of bitter discontent. Already satiated with pleasure and disgusted with those companions who have no other resource, he had resolved on mastering his appetites ; he broke up his harems ; and he reduced his palate to a diet the most simple and abstemious ; but the passions of the heart were too mighty, nor did it even enter his mind to overcome *them* : resentment, anger, and hatred held full sway over him, and his greatest gratification at that time was in overcharging his pen with gall, which flowed in every direction against individuals, his country, the world, the universe, creation, and the Creator. He might, he ought to have been a different creature, and he but too well accounts for the unfortunate bias of his disposition in the following lines :—

E'en I--least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
Just skilled to know the right and choose the wrong,
Freed at that age when Reason's shield is lost,
To fight my course through Passion's countless host ;
Whom every path of Pleasure's flowery way,
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray.

I took leave of him on the 10th of June, 1809, and he left London the next morning : his objects were still unsettled ; but he wished to hear from me particularly on the subject of the Satire, and

promised to inform me how to direct to him when he could with certainty ;—it was, however, long before I heard from him. After some time, I wrote him the following letter, directed, at a chance, to Malta, which informed him of the success of the Satire. He had previously written to me, but his letter had not reached me. It was forwarded to me soon after, by Mr. Hobhouse.

LETTER XIII.

TO LORD BYRON, *Malta.*

Mortlake, Nov. 3d, 1810.

My dear Lord,

If I have not written to you since your departure from Old England, it has not been from want of inclination, but because I had no clew to follow you. In imagination I have seen you at Malta and Constantinople, but no further ; for I knew not to what region you would bend your steps. I half believed you pushing on eastward into Persia. Yesterday I heard of your having been at Athens. I dined on Richmond Hill, in company with your fellow traveller's father. I

had great pleasure in talking of you, and of the laurel with which the muses have already decked you. I find that Hobhouse is returned without you, and that he went immediately to Bath, where he now is. Had he been within my reach I would have called upon him, to talk about you.

I have seen your letter to Mr. Cawthorn, in which you charge him with not attending to his promise of sending the books. I can take upon me to say, that he prepared the parcel for you, and I believe him when he assures me that he sent it. Probably it has miscarried. He is now making up another, by which I intend to send this letter. He has been very attentive to the publishing of your Satire, which is now going into a fourth edition. He has consulted me about it, and I spoke last Thursday to the printers respecting the types. I shall correct the press, and will attend to the substitution of the lines you have sent. Neither the Edinburgh nor Quarterly Review have noticed the work. How could they? They are parties, and the rapid circulation of the Satire is decisive as to the opinion of the public. Your travels must have afforded you much pleasure. It would be classical sacrilege to doubt it, as you have passed to the east of the Peloponnesus. I hope you thought of my friend Wright's *Horæ Ionicæ*, if you sailed by or touched at any of the

islands. His poem has been much read and much praised.*

As your letter to Cawthorn is dated at Constantinople, and you direct his parcel to be addressed to Malta, I suspect you are on your way home. Should chance carry you to Cadiz, I trust you will meet my son. He has a commission in the commissariat, and I hear from a friend in the army, lately come from that place, that he has been very kindly received there. He knows you well by name, and will be highly gratified by your making yourself known to him as his father's friend. The king's illness, the meeting of parliament, the death of the princess Amelia, and other public events, you will learn by other channels sooner than this will reach you. In the state of literature, Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* is the chief novelty ; and *Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk*, which I read with great pleasure. The *Lady of the Lake* I have not yet read throughout. There is nothing new in the drama worth mentioning, except, perhaps, *Hit or Miss*, which ridicules the knights of the whip. My own farce, *Not at Home*, was half damned the first night, but having a majority of supporters, it was played a short time. The prologue, which you had promised me, was supplied by the author of *Horæ Ionicæ*.

* I have often thought that the *Horæ Ionicæ* gave the hint of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

I shall be truly happy to see your Lordship once more in England, and filling your place in the upper House, meanwhile accept my best wishes, and believe me ever,

Your attached and faithful,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER XIV.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Constantinople, June 23d, 1810.

Dear Sir,

I seize the opportunity of Mr. Hobhouse's return to England to write a few lines, in the hope that they will find you well and as happy as philosophers are, and men ought to be. I have since my departure from your country (a year ago) been in Portugal, Spain, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, all the most interesting parts of Turkey in Europe, and Asia Minor, including Athens, &c. in the former, and the Troad and Ephesus in the latter, and have at last reached my head quarters, the capital. I have, of course, seen some variety, but I shall content myself with stating my only remarkable personal achievement, namely, swimming from Sestos to Abydos, which I did on the 3d of May,

as we lay at anchor in the Dardanelles, in the Salsette frigate. You will smile at this exploit, but as it made an ancient immortal, I see no reason why a modern may not be permitted to boast of it, particularly as I had no mistress to comfort me at landing, and my labour was even to be its own reward. Mr. Hobhouse, our brother author, will narrate, no doubt, all our adventures, if you seriously incline that way. We have, moreover, been very high up into Albania, the wildest province in Europe, where very few Englishmen have ever been : but I say no more on this head, as my companion will be ready to gratify your inquiries.

I received your letter and request of a prologue at Lisbon, but it was too late ; I have ever since been in motion, or I would have prologuized with pleasure. I presume you have had your run by this time. I need not add my good wishes for your drama. If I rightly recollect, you stated something about Murray's publishing my rhymes all together, including my Satire. Upon second thoughts, he had better let them alone ; and if they are not begun on, pray suspend the operation till my return. I heard the other day that my Satire was in a third edition ; that is but a poor progress, but Cawthorn published too many copies in the first. However, this circumstance will not interrupt my tranquillity beneath the blue skies of Greece, where I return to spend my summer,

and perhaps the winter. I am alike distant from praise or censure, which tends to make both very indifferent to me, and so good night to scribbling. Hobhouse's book has been out some time I hear; but more we know not, except in a letter from my friend *** , who says the Reviews have attacked it for indecency. I suppose the few stanzas of my writing in the volume have been bedeviled, and indeed they deserve little better. Has your friend Wright galloped on the highway of letters? and what have you done yourself? I thirst for intelligence; if you have nothing better to do some afternoon, remember that Malta is my post office.

I refer you to Mr. Hobhouse for detail, and having now discharged a duty, I will trouble you no more at present, except to state that all climates and nations are equally interesting to me; that mankind are every where despicable in different absurdities ; that the farther I proceed from your country the less I regret leaving it, and the only advantage you have over the rest of mankind is the sea, that divides you from your foes; your other superiorities are merely imaginary. I would be a citizen of the world, but I fear some ~~un~~ sensable affairs will soon call me back ; and as I left the land without regret, I shall return without pleasure. The only person whom I expected to have grieved took leave of me with a

coolness which, had I not known the heart of man, would have surprised me ; I should have attributed it to offence, had I ever been guilty in that instance of any thing but affection. But what is all this to you ? nothing. Good night !

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P. S. I again repeat my request that you will write to Malta. I expect a world of news, not political, for we have the papers up to May. If you tear one another to pieces for a continuance, I must come back and share the carrion. Have the military murdered any more mechanics ? and is the flower of chivalry released ? We are not very quiet here, the Russians have drubbed the Mussulmen, but we talk of peace.

Leaving England with a sound mind, disclaiming all attachments, and even belief in the existence of friendship, it will be no wonder if it shall be found that Lord Byron, during the period of his absence, kept up little correspondence with any persons in England. The above letter, dated at Constantinople, is the only one I received from him, till he was approaching the shores of England in the Volage frigate. To his mother he

wrote by every opportunity. Upon her death, which happened very soon after his arrival, and before he saw her, as will be seen in the continuance of his correspondence with me, I was conversing with him about Newstead, and expressing my hope that he would never be persuaded to part with it, when he assured me he would not, and promised to give me a letter which he had written to his mother to that effect, as a pledge that he never would. His letters to her being at Newstead, it was some time before he performed his promise; but in doing it he made me a present of all his letters to her on his leaving England and during his absence; saying, as he put them into my hands, "Some day or other they will be curiosities." They are written in an easy style, and if they do not contain all that is to be expected from a traveller, what they do contain of that nature is pleasant; and they mark, which is more to the purpose here, the character of the writer.

Mrs. Byron had no right to the distinction on the direction of the letters, her husband's father, the admiral, never having succeeded to the barony.

LETTERS

FROM

LORD BYRON TO HIS MOTHER;

WRITTEN IN THE YEARS 1808, 1809, 1810, AND 1811.

LETTER XV.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Newstead Abbey, Notts, Oct. 7th, 1808.

Dear Madam,

I have no beds for the H**'s (or any body else at present.) The H**'s sleep at Mansfield. I do not know that I resemble Jean Jacques Rousseau. I have no ambition to be like so illustrious a madman—but this I know, that I shall live in my own manner, and as much alone as possible. When my rooms are ready I shall be glad to see you; at present it would be improper, and uncomfortable to both parties. You can hardly object to my rendering my mansion habitable, notwithstanding my departure for Persia in March, (or May at farthest,) since *you* will be *tenant* till my return, and in case of any accident (for I have already arranged my will to be drawn up the mo-

ment I am twenty-one) I have taken care you shall have the house and manor for *life*, besides a sufficient income. So you see my improvements are not entirely selfish. As I have a friend here, we will go to the Infirmary Ball on the 12th, we will drink tea with Mrs. Byron at eight o'clock, and expect to see you at the ball. If that lady will allow us a couple of rooms to dress in we shall be highly obliged;—if we are at the ball by ten or eleven it will be time enough, and we shall return to Newstead about three or four.

Adieu! Believe me,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Newstead Abbey, Nov. 2d. 1808.

Dear Mother,

If you please we will forget the things you mention. I have no desire to remember them. When my rooms are furnished I shall be happy to see you; as I tell but the truth you will not suspect me of evasion. I am furnishing the house more for you than myself, and I shall establish

you in it before I sail for India, which I expect to do in March, if nothing particularly obstructive occurs. I am now fitting up the *green* drawing-room; the red for a bed-room, and the rooms over as sleeping rooms; they will be soon completed; at least I hope so.

I wish you would inquire of Major Watson (who is an old Indian) what things will be necessary to provide for my voyage. I have already procured a friend to write to the Arabic Professor at Cambridge for some information I am anxious to procure. I can easily get letters from government to the ambassadors, consuls, &c. and also to the governors at Calcutta and Madras. I shall place my property and my will in the hands of trustees till my return, and I mean to appoint you one. From H ** I have heard nothing—when I do you shall have the particulars.

After all, you must own my project is not a bad one. If I do not travel now I never shall, and all men should one day or other. I have at present no connexions to keep me at home; no wife, or unprovided sisters, brothers, &c. I shall take care of you, and when I return I may possibly become a politician. A few years knowledge of other countries than our own will not incapacitate me for that part. If we see no nation but our own we do not give mankind a fair chance—it is from *experience*, not books, we ought to judge of

them. There is nothing like inspection, and trusting to our own senses.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

LETTER VII.*

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

8, St. James's street, March 6th, 1809.

Dear Mother,

My last letter was written under great depression of spirits from poor Falkland's death, who has left without a shilling four children and his wife. I have been endeavouring to assist them, which, God knows, I cannot do as I would wish, from my own embarrassments and the many claims upon me from other quarters. What you say is all very true: come what may, *Newstead* and I stand or fall together. I have now lived on the spot. I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but

* This letter was the pledge, the others were given to accompany it.

could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score ; Mr. H** talks like a man of business on the subject, I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead. I shall get my seat on the return of the affidavits from Carhais, in Cornwall, and will do something in the House soon ; I must dash, or it is all over. My Satire must be kept secret for a month ; after that you may say what you please on the subject. Lord C** has used me infamously, and refused to state any particulars of my family to the Chancellor. I have *lashed* him in my *rhymes*, and perhaps his Lordship may regret not being more conciliatory. They tell me it will have a sale : I hope so, for the bookseller has behaved well, as far as publishing well goes.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

BYRON.

P. S. You shall have a mortgage on one of the farms.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Falmouth, June 22d, 1809.

Dear Mother,

I am about to sail in a few days ; probably before this reaches you. Fletcher begged so hard, that I have continued him in my service. If he does not behave well abroad, I will send him back in a *transport*. I have a German servant who has been with Mr. Wilbraham in Persia before, and was strongly recommended to me by Dr. Butler, of Harrow, Robert and William ; they constitute my whole suite. I have letters in plenty—you shall hear from me at the different ports I touch upon ; but you must not be alarmed if my letters miscarry. The continent is in a fine state, an insurrection has broken out at Paris, and the Austrians are beating Buonaparte—The Tyrolese have risen.—There is a picture of me in oil, to be sent down to Newstead soon. I wish the Miss P***'s had something better to do than carry my miniatures to Nottingham to copy.—Now they have done it, you may ask them to copy the others, which are greater favourites than my own. As to money matters, I am ruined—at least till Rochdale is sold ; and if that does not turn out well I

shall enter into the Austrian or Russian service—perhaps the Turkish, if I like their manners—the world is all before me, and I leave England without regret, and without a wish to revisit any thing it contains, except *yourself* and your present residence.

Believe me,

Yours ever sincerely,

BYRON.

P. S. Pray tell Mr. Rushton his son is well, and doing well; so is Murray, indeed better than I ever saw him; he will be back in about a month. I ought to add leaving Murray to my few regrets, as his age perhaps will prevent my seeing him again. Robert I take with me; I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Gibraltar, Aug. 11th, 1809.

Dear Mother,

I have been so much occupied since my departure from England, that till I could address you at length, I have forborne writing altogether. As I have now passed through Portugal, and a

considerable part of Spain, and have leisure at this place, I shall endeavour to give you a short detail of my movements. We sailed from Falmouth on the 2d of July, reached Lisbon after a very favourable passage of four days and a half, and took up our abode in that city. It has often been described without being worthy of description; for, except the view from the Tagus, which is beautiful, and some fine churches and convents, it contains little but filthy streets and more filthy inhabitants. To make amends for this, the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps in every respect, the most delightful in Europe; it contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights—a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and, besides, (though that is a secondary consideration) is remarkable as the scene of Sir H. D.'s convention. It unites in itself all the wildness of the western highlands, with the verdure of the south of France. Near this place, about ten miles to the right, is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence without elegance. There is a convent annexed; the monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin, so that we had a long conversation: they

have a large library, and asked me if the *English* had *any books* in their country. I sent my baggage and part of the servants' by sea to Gibraltar, and travelled on horseback from Aldea Galheda (the first stage from Lisbon, which is only accessible by water) to Seville, (one of the most famous cities in Spain,) where the government called the Junta is now held. The distance to Seville is nearly four hundred miles, and to Cadiz almost ninety miles further towards the coast. I had orders from the government, and every possible accommodation on the road, as an English nobleman, in an English uniform, is a very respectable personage in Spain at present. The horses are remarkably good, and the roads (I assure you upon my honour, for you will hardly believe it,) very far superior to the best British roads, without the smallest toll or turnpike. You will suppose this when I rode post to Seville in four days, through this parching country, in the midst of summer, without fatigue or annoyance. Seville is a beautiful town ; though the streets are narrow they are clean. We lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess *six* houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty, but not so good a figure as *Donna Josepha*. The freedom of manner which is general here asto-

nished me not a little ; and in the course of further observation I find that reserve is not the characteristic of the Spanish belles, who are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms. The eldest honoured your *unworthy* son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting, (I was there but three days,) after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, “Adios tu hermoso ! me gusta mucho.”—“Adieu, you pretty fellow, you please me much.” She offered a share of her apartment, which my *virtue* induced me to decline ; she laughed, and said I had some English “amante” (lover), and added that she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish army. I left Seville, and rode on to Cadiz, through a beautiful country. At Xeres, where the sherry we drank is made, I met a great merchant, a Mr. Gordon, of Scotland, who was extremely polite, and favoured me with the inspection of his vaults and cellars, so that I quaffed at the fountain-head. Cadiz, sweet Cadiz, is the most delightful town I ever beheld, very different from our English cities in every respect, except cleanliness, (and it is as clean as London,) but still beautiful, and full of the finest women in Spain, the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of

their land. Just as I was introduced, and began to like the grandes, I was forced to leave it for this cursed place ; but before I return to England I will visit it again. The night before I left it, I sat in the box at the opera with admiral Cordova's family ; he is the commander whom Lord St. Vincent defeated in 1797, and has an aged wife and a fine daughter, Senorita Cordova ; the girl is very pretty in the Spanish style, in my opinion by no means inferior to the English in charms, and certainly superior in fascination. Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, *clear* olive complections, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman used to the drowsy, listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible. I beg leave to observe that intrigue here is the business of life ; when a woman marries she throws off all restraint, but I believe their conduct is chaste enough before. If you make a proposal, which in England would bring a box on the ear from the meekest of virgins, to a Spanish girl, she thanks you for the honour you intend her, and replies, "Wait till I am married, and I shall be too happy." This is literally and strictly true. Miss C. and her little brother understood a little French, and, after regretting my ignorance of the Spanish, she pro-

posed to become my preceptress in that language. I could only reply by a low bow, and express my regret that I quitted Cadiz too soon to permit me to make the progress which would doubtless attend my studies under so charming a directress. I was standing at the back of the box, which resembles our opera boxes, (the theatre is large and finely decorated, the music admirable,) in the manner in which Englishmen generally adopt for fear of incommoding the ladies in front, when this fair Spaniard dispossessed an old woman, (an aunt or a duenna,) of her chair, and commanded me to be seated next herself, at a tolerable distance from her mamma. At the close of the performance I withdrew, and was lounging with a party of men in the passage, when, *en passant*, the lady turned round and called me, and I had the honour of attending her to the admiral's mansion. I have an invitation on my return to Cadiz, which I shall accept, if I pass through the country on my return from Asia. I have met Sir John Carr, knight errant, at Seville and Cadiz. He is a pleasant man. I like the Spaniards much. You have heard of the battle near Madrid, and in England they will call it a victory—a pretty victory ! Two hundred officers, and 5000 men killed, all English, and the French in as great force as ever. I should have joined the army, but we have no time to lose before we get up the Mediterranean

and Archipelago. I am going over to Africa to-morrow; it is only six miles from this fortress. My next stage is Cagliari in Sardinia, where I shall be presented to his majesty. I have a most superb uniform as a court dress, indispensable in travelling.

August 13th. I have not been to Africa; the wind is contrary; but I dined yesterday at Alge-siras, with Lady Westmoreland, where I met General Castanos, the celebrated Spanish leader in the late and present war: to-day I dine with him; he has offered me letters to Tetuan in Barbary, for the principal Moors; and I am to have the house for a few days of one of the great men, which was intended for Lady W., whose health will not permit her to cross the Straits.

August 15th. I could not dine with Castanos yesterday, but this afternoon I had that honour; he is pleasant, and for aught I know to the contrary, clever. I cannot go to Barbary. The Malta packet sails to-morrow, and myself in it. Admiral Purvis, with whom I dined at Cadiz, gave me a passage in a frigate to Gibraltar, but we have no ship of war destined for Malta at present. The packets sail fast, and have good accommodations. You shall hear from me on our route. Joe Murray delivers this. I have sent him and the boy back; pray show the lad any kindness, as he is my great favourite. I would

have taken him on, * * * *

Say this to his father, who may otherwise think
he has behaved ill.

I hope this will find you well.

Believe me yours,

Ever sincerely,

BYRON.

P. S. So Lord G. is married to a rustic!—Well done! If I wed, I will bring you home a sultana, with half a dozen cities for a dowry, and reconcile you to an Ottoman daughter-in-law, with a bushel of pearls, not larger than ostrich eggs, or smaller than walnuts.

LETTER XX.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Malta, Sept. 15th, 1809.

Dear Mother,

Though I have a very short time to spare, being to sail immediately for Greece, I cannot avoid taking an opportunity of telling you that I am well. I have been in Malta a short time, and have found the inhabitants hospitable and pleasant. This letter is committed to the charge of

a very extraordinary woman, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked, and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet twenty-five. She is here in her way to England, to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here, I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Buonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in some danger if she were taken prisoner a second time.

You have seen Murray and Robert by this time, and received my letter—little has happened since that date. I have touched at Cagliari, in Sardinia, and at Girgenti, in Sicily, and embark to-morrow for Patras, from whence I proceed to Yanina,

where Ali Pacha holds his court, so I shall soon
be among the Musselmans. Adieu!

Believe me, with sincerity,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Previsa, Nov. 12th, 1809.

My dear Mother,

I have now been some time in Turkey : this place is on the coast, but I have traversed the interior of the province of Albania, on a visit to the Pacha. I left Malta in the Spider, a brig of war, on the 21st of September, and arrived in eight days at Previsa. I thence have been about 150 miles as far as Tepaleen, his highness's country palace, where I staid three days. The name of the Pacha is *Ali*, and he is considered a man of the first abilities ; he governs the whole of Albania, (the ancient Illyricum,) Epirus, and part of Macedonia. His son, Velly Pacha, to whom he has given me letters, governs the Morea, and he has great influence in Egypt ; in short, he is one of the most powerful men in the Ottoman empire.

When I reached Yanina, the capital, after a journey of three days over the mountains, through a country of the most picturesque beauty, I found that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Berat. He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, and had left orders in Yanina, with the commandant to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary *gratis*; and, though I have been allowed to make presents to the slaves, &c., I have not been permitted to pay for a single article of household consumption. I rode out on the vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons: they are splendid, but too much ornamented with silk and gold. I then went over the mountains through Zitza, a village with a Greek monastery, (where I slept on my return) in the most beautiful situation, (always excepting Cintra, in Portugal,) I ever beheld. In nine days I reached Tepaleen. Our journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains, and intersected the roads. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon, as the sun was going down: it brought to my mind (with some change of dress however,) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system. The Albanians in their dresses (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of

a long *white kilt*, gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver mounted pistols and daggers,) the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelices and turbans, the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it, two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with despatches, the kettle drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger. I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after by the vizier's secretary, "a la mode Turque." The next day I was introduced to Ali Pacha. I was dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre, &c. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. I have a Greek interpreter for general use, but a physician of Ali's, named Temlario, who understands Latin, acted for me on this occasion. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country?—(the Turks have no

idea of travelling for amusement.) He then said, the English minister, Captain Leake, had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother ; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance and garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit and sweet-meats, twenty times a day. He begged me to visit him often, and at night, when he was at leisure. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. It is singular, that the Turks, who have no hereditary dignities, and few great families, except the Sultans, pay so much respect to birth ; for I found my pedigree more regarded than my title.

His highness is sixty years old, very fat, and not tall, but with a fine face, light blue eyes, and a white beard ; his manner is very kind, and at the same time he possesses that dignity which I find universal among the Turks. He has the appearance of any thing but his real character ; for he is a remorseless tyrant, guilty of the most horrible cruelties, very brave, and so good a general, that they call him the Mahometan Buonaparte.

Napoleon has twice offered to make him king of Epirus, but he prefers the English interest, and abhors the French, as he himself told me. He is of so much consequence, that he is much courted by both; the Albanians being the most warlike subjects of the Sultan, though Ali is only nominally dependent on the Porte. He has been a mighty warrior; but is as barbarous as he is successful, roasting rebels, &c. &c. Buonaparte sent him a snuff-box, with his picture; he said the snuff-box was very well, but the picture he could excuse, as he neither liked it nor the original. His ideas of judging of a man's birth from ears, hands, &c. were curious enough. To me, he was, indeed, a father, giving me letters, guards, and every possible accommodation. Our next conversations were of war and travelling, politics and England. He called my Albanian soldier, who attends me, and told him to protect me at all hazard. His name is Viscillie, and like all the Albanians, he is brave, rigidly honest, and faithful; but they are cruel, though not treacherous; and have several vices, but no meannesses. They are, perhaps, the most beautiful race, in point of countenance, in the world; their women are sometimes handsome also, but they are treated like slaves, *beaten*, and, in short, complete beasts of burthen; they plough, dig, and sow. I found them carrying wood, and actually repairing the highways.

The men are all soldiers, and war and the chace their sole occupation. The women are the labourers, which, after all, is no great hardship in so delightful a climate. Yesterday, the 11th of November, I bathed in the sea ; to-day it is so hot that I am writing in a shady room of the English consul's, with three doors wide open, no fire, or even *fire-place* in the house ; except for culinary purposes. To-day, I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay where two frigates could hardly manœuvre ; a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stand the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory. Last night I was at a Greek marriage ; but this and a thousand things more I have neither time nor *space* to describe. I am going to-morrow, with a guard of fifty men, to Patras in the Morea, and thence to Athens, where I shall winter. Two days ago, I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the Saints, the Mussulmans on Alla, the captain burst into tears and ran below deck, telling us to call on God ; the sails were split, the main yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu, which is in possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically

termed it) "a watery grave." I did what I could to console Fletcher, but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak) and lay down on deck to wait the worst. I have learnt to philosophize in my travels, and, if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the main land, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Previsa again ; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am, therefore, going as far as Missolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras. Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels : we were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder-storm, and since nearly wrecked. In both cases Fletcher was sorely bewildered, from apprehensions of famine and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying, (I don't know which,) but are now recovered. When you write, address to me at Mr. Strane's, English consul, Patras, Morea.

I could tell you I know not how many incidents that I think would amuse you, but they crowd on my mind as much as they would swell my paper; and I can neither arrange them in the one, nor put them down in the other, except in the greatest

confusion. I like the Albanians much : they are not all Turks : some tribes are Christians ; but their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct : they are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service. I lived on my route, two days at once, and three days again, in a barrack at Salora, and never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the garrisons of Gibraltar and Malta, and seen Spanish, French, Sicilian and British troops in abundance. I have had nothing stolen ; and was always welcome to their provision and milk. Not a week ago an Albanian chief (every village has its chief, who is called primate,) after helping us out of the Turkish galley in her distress, feeding us, and lodging my suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Athenians, a Greek priest, and my companion Mr. Hobhouse, refused any compensation but a written paper stating that I was well received ; and when I pressed him to accept a few sequins, "No," he replied, "I wish you to love me, not to pay me." These are his words. It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. While I was in the capital I had nothing to pay by the vizier's order ; but since, though I have generally had sixteen horses, and generally six or seven men, the expense has not been *half* as much as staying only three weeks at Malta, though Sir A.

Ball, the governor, gave me a house for nothing, and I had only *one servant*. By the by, I expect H** to remit regularly; for I am not about to stay in this province for ever. Let him write to me at Mr. Strané's, English consul, Patras. The fact is, the fertility of the plains is wonderful, and specie is scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness. I am going to Athens to study modern Greek, which differs much from the ancient, though radically similar. I have no desire to return to England, nor shall I, unless compelled by absolute want, and H**'s neglect; but I shall not enter into Asia for a year or two, as I have much to see in Greece, and I may perhaps cross into Africa, at least the Egyptian part. Fletcher, like all Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied, though a little reconciled to the Turks by a present of eighty piastres from the vizier, which, if you consider every thing, and the value of specie here, is nearly worth ten guineas English. He has suffered nothing but from cold, heat and vermin, which those who lie in cottages and cross mountains in a cold country must undergo, and of which I have equally partaken with himself; but he is not valiant, and is afraid of robbers and tempests. I have no one to be remembered to in England, and wish to hear nothing from it, but that you are well, and a letter or two on business from H**,.

whom you may tell to write. I will write when I can, and beg you to believe me,

Your affectionate son,

BYRON.

P. S. I have some very "magnifique" Albanian dresses, the only expensive article in this country. They cost 50 guineas each, and have so much gold, they would cost in England two hundred. I have been introduced to Hussim Bey and Mahmout Pacha, both little boys, grand-children of Ali, at Yanina. They are totally unlike our lads, have painted complexions like rouged dowagers, large black eyes, and features perfectly regular. They are the prettiest little animals I ever saw, and are broken into the court ceremonies already. The Turkish salute is a slight inclination of the head, with the hand on the breast. Intimates always kiss. Mahmout is ten years old, and hopes to see me again. We are friends without understanding each other, like many other folks, though from a different cause. He has given me a letter to his father in the Morea, to whom I have also letters from Ali Pacha.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Smyrna, March 19th, 1810.

Dear Mother,

I cannot write you a long letter, but as I know you will not be sorry to receive any intelligence of my movements, pray accept what I give. I have traversed the greater part of Greece, besides Epirus, &c. &c. resided ten weeks at Athens, and am now on the Asiatic side on my way to Constantinople. I have just returned from viewing the ruins of Ephesus, a day's journey from Smyrna. I presume you have received a long letter I wrote from Albania, with an account of my reception by the Pacha of the province. When I arrive at Constantinople I shall determine whether to proceed into Persia or return, which latter I do not wish, if I can avoid it. But I have no intelligence from Mr. H**, and but one letter from yourself. I shall stand in need of remittances whether I proceed or return. I have written to him repeatedly that he may not plead ignorance of my situation, for neglect. I can give you no account of any thing, for I have not time or opportunity, the frigate sailing immediately. Indeed the further I go the more my laziness increases,

and my aversion to letter-writing becomes more confirmed. I have written to no one but yourself and Mr. H**, and these are communications of business and duty rather than of inclination. Fletcher is very much disgusted with his fatigues, though he has undergone nothing that I have not shared. He is a poor creature; indeed English servants are detestable travellers. I have, besides him, two Albanian soldiers, and a Greek interpreter; all excellent in their way. Greece, particularly in the vicinity of Athens, is delightful: cloudless skies and lovely landscapes. But I must reserve all account of my adventures till we meet. I keep no journal, but my friend Hobhouse scribbles incessantly. Pray take care of Murray and Robert, and tell the boy it is the most fortunate thing for him that he did not accompany me to Turkey. Consider this as merely a notice of my safety.

And believe me,

Yours, &c. &c.

BYRON.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Smyrna, April 10th, 1810.

Dear Mother,

To-morrow, or this evening, I sail for Constantinople in the Salsette frigate, of thirty-six guns. She returns to England with our ambassador, whom she is going up on purpose to receive. I have written to you short letters from Athens, Smyrna, and a long one from Albania. I have not yet mustered courage for a second large epistle, and you must not be angry, since I take all opportunities of apprizing you of my safety : but even that is an effort, writing is so irksome. I have been traversing Greece, and Epirus, Illyria, &c. &c., and you see by my date, have got into Asia. I have made but one excursion lately, to the ruins of Ephesus. Malta is the rendezvous of my letters, so address to that island. Mr. H** has not written, though I wished to hear of the Norfolk sale, the Lancashire lawsuit, &c. &c. I am anxiously expecting fresh remittances. I believe you will like Nottinghamshire, at least, my share of it. Pray accept my good wishes in lieu of a long letter, and believe me,

Yours, sincerely and affectionately,

BYRON.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Salsette Frigate, off the Dardanelles, April 17th, 1810.

Dear Madam,

I write at anchor, (in our way to Constantinople,) off the Troad, which I traversed two days ago. All the remains of Troy are the tombs of her destroyers, amongst which I see that of Antilochus from my cabin window. These are large mounds of earth, like the barrows of the Danes in your island. There are several monuments, about twelve miles distant, of the Alexandrian Troas, which I also examined; but by no means to be compared with the remnants of Athens and Ephesus. This will be sent in a ship of war bound with despatches for Malta. In a few days we shall be at Constantinople, barring accidents. I have also written from Smyrna, and shall, from time to time, transmit short accounts of my movements, but I feel totally unequal to long letters.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

P. S. No accounts from H***!!! Do not complain of short letters, I write to nobody but yourself and Mr. H.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Constantinople, May 18th, 1810.

Dear Madam,

I arrived here in an English frigate from Smyrna, a few days ago, without any events worth mentioning, except landing to view the plains of Troy, and afterwards, when we were at anchor in the Dardanelles, *swimming* from Sestos to Abydos, in imitation of Monsieur Leander, whose story you no doubt know too well for me to add any thing on the subject, except that I crossed the Hellespont without so good a motive for the undertaking. As I am just going to visit the Captain Pacha, you will excuse the brevity of my letter. When Mr. Adair takes leave, I am to see the Sultan and the mosques, &c.

Believe me,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Constantinople, May 24th, 1810.

Dear Mother,

I wrote to you very shortly the other day on my arrival here, and as another opportunity avails, take up my pen again, that the frequency of my letters may atone for their brevity. Pray did you ever receive a picture of me in oil by *Sanders*, in *Vigo-lane*, London? (a noted limner;) if not, write for it immediately; it was paid for, except the frame, (if frame there be) before I left England. I believe I mentioned to you in my last, that my only notable exploit, lately, has been swimming from Sestos to Abydos on the third of this month, in humble imitation of *Leander*, of amorous memory, though I had no *Hero* to receive me on the other shore of the Hellespont. Of Constantinople you have of course, read fifty descriptions by sundry travellers, which are in general so correct, that I have nothing to add on the subject. When our ambassador takes his leave, I shall accompany him to see the Sultan, and afterwards probably return to Greece. I have heard nothing of Mr. H **, but one remittance, without any letter from that legal gentleman. If you have any occasion for any pecuniary supply,

pray use my funds as far as they *go* without reserve ; and, lest this should not be enough, in my next to Mr. H ***, I will direct him to advance any sum you may want, leaving it to your discretion how much, in the present state of my affairs, you may think proper to require. I have already seen the most interesting parts of Turkey in Europe, and Asia Minor, but shall not proceed further till I hear from England : In the mean time I shall expect occasional supplies, according to circumstances, and shall pass my summer amongst my friends, the Greeks of the Morea. You will direct to Malta, where my letters are forwarded :

And believe me to be,
With great sincerity,
Yours, ever,

BYRON.

P. S. Fletcher is well ; pray take care of my boy Robert, and the old man Murray. It is fortunate they returned ; neither the youth of the one, nor the age of the other, would have suited the changes of climate, and fatigue of travelling.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Constantinople, June 28th, 1810.

My dear Mother,

I regret to perceive by your last letter, that several of mine have not arrived, particularly a very long one, written in November last, from Albania, when I was on a visit to the Pacha of that province. Fletcher has also written to his spouse perpetually. Mr. Hobhouse, who will forward or deliver this, and is on his return to England, can inform you of our different movements, but I am very uncertain as to my own return. He will probably be down to Nott's, some time or other ; but Fletcher, whom I send back as an incumbrance, (English servants are sad travellers,) will supply his place in the interim, and describe our travels, which have been tolerably extensive. I have written twice briefly from this capital, from Smyrna, from Athens, and other parts of Greece ; from Albania, the Pacha of which province, desired his respects to my mother, and said he was sure I was a man of high birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and white hands!!! He was very kind to me, begged me to consider him as a father, and gave me a guard of forty soldiers through the forests of Acarna-

nia. But of this and other circumstances I have written to you at large and yet hope you will receive my letters.

I remember Mahmout Pacha, the grandson of Ali Pacha, at Yanina, (a little fellow of ten years of age, with large black eyes which our ladies would purchase at any price, and those regular features which distinguish the Turks,) asked me how I came to travel so young, without any body to take care of me. This question was put by the little man with all the gravity of threescore. I cannot now write copiously ; I have only time to tell you that I have passed many a fatiguing, and never a tedious moment ; and that all I am afraid of is, that I shall contract a gipsy-like wandering disposition, which will make home tiresome to me : this, I am told, is very common with men in the habit of perigrination, and indeed I feel it so. On the third of May I swam from *Sestos* to *Abydos*. You know the story of *Leander*, but I had no *Hero* to receive me at landing. I also passed a fortnight in the Troad : the tombs of Achilles and Æsyetes, still exist in large barrows similar to those you have, doubtless, seen in the north. The other day I was at Belgrade (a village in these environs,) to see the house built on the same site as Lady Mary Wortley's ; by-the-by, her Ladyship, as far as I can judge, has lied, but not half so much as any other woman would

have done in the same situation. I have been in all the principal mosques by the virtue of a firman ; this is a favour rarely permitted to infidels, but the ambassador's departure obtained it for us. I have been up the Bosphorus into the Black sea, round the walls of the city, and indeed I know more of it by sight, than I do of London.

I hope to amuse you some winter's evening with the details, but at present you must excuse me ; I am not able to write long letters in June. I return to spend my summer in Greece. I shall not proceed further into Asia, as I have visited Smyrna, Ephesus, and the Troad. I write often, but you must not be alarmed when you do not receive my letters ; consider we have no regular post further than Malta, where I beg you will in future send your letters, and not to this city. Fletcher is a poor creature, and requires comforts that I can dispense with. He is very sick of his travels, but you must not believe his account of the country ; he sighs for ale, and idleness, and a wife, and the devil knows what besides. I have not been disappointed or disgusted. I have lived with the highest and the lowest. I have been for days in a Pacha's palace, and have passed many a night in a cow-house, and I find the people inoffensive and kind. I have also passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morea and Livadia, and, though inferior to the Turks, they are better than

the Spaniards, who, in their turn, excel the Portuguese. Of Constantinople you will find many descriptions in different travels, but Lady Wortley errs strangely when she says "St. Paul's would cut a strange figure by St. Sophia's." I have been in both, surveyed them inside and out attentively. St. Sophia's is undoubtedly the most interesting from its immense antiquity, and the circumstance of all the Greek emperors, from Justinian, having been crowned there, and several murdered at the altar, besides the Turkish Sultans who attend it regularly. But it is inferior in beauty and size to some of the mosques, particularly "Soleyman, &c." and not to be mentioned in the same page with St. P.'s, (I speak like a *cockney*.) However, I prefer the Gothic cathedral of Seville, to St. P.'s, St. Sophia's, and any religious building I have ever seen. The walls of the seraglio are like the walls of Newstead Gardens, only higher, and much in the same *order*; but the ride by the walls of the city on the land side is beautiful. Imagine four miles of immense triple battlements, covered with ivy, surmounted with 218 towers, and on the other side of the road Turkish burying grounds (the loveliest spots on earth) full of enormous cypresses.

I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi; I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of

Asia, but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side from the Seven Towers to the end of Golden Horn. Now for England. You have not received my friend Hobhouse's volume of Poesy: it has been published several months; you ought to read it. I am glad to hear of the progress of E. Bards, &c. Of course you observed I have made great additions to the new edition. Have you received my picture from Sanders, Vigo lane, London? It was finished, and paid for, long before I left England: pray send for it. You seem to be a mighty reader of magazines: where do you pick up all this intelligence, quotations, &c. &c.? Though I was happy to obtain my seat without the assistance of Lord C., I had no measures to keep with a man who declined interfering as my relation on that occasion, and I have done with him, though I regret distressing Mrs. Leigh, poor thing! I hope she is happy. It is my opinion that Mr. B ** ought to marry Miss R **. Our first duty is not to do evil; but, alas! that is impossible: our next is to repair it, if in our power. The girl is his equal: if she were his inferior, a sum of money and provision for the child would be some, though a poor compensation: as it is, he should marry her. I will have no gay deceivers on my estate, and I shall not allow my tenants a privilege I do not permit myself, *that* of debauch-

ing each other's daughters. God knows, I have been guilty of many excesses, but, as I have laid down a resolution to reform, and lately kept it, I expect this Lothario to follow the example, and begin by restoring this girl to society, or by the beard of my father ! he shall hear of it. Pray take some notice of Robert, who will miss his master; poor boy, he was very unwilling to return. I trust you are well and happy. It will be a pleasure to hear from you.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

P. S. How is Joe Murray ?

P. S. I open my letter again to tell you, that Fletcher, having petitioned to accompany me into the Morea, I have taken him with me contrary to the intention expressed in my letter.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Athens, July 25th, 1810.

Dear Mother,

I have arrived here in four days from Constantinople, which is considered as singularly

quick, particularly for the season of the year. You northern gentry can have no conception of a Greek summer, which, however, is a perfect frost compared with Malta and Gibraltar, where I reposed myself in the shade last year, after a gentle gallop of four hundred miles without intermission, through Portugal and Spain. You see, by my date, that I am at Athens again, a place which I think I prefer upon the whole to any I have seen. I left Constantinople with Adair, at whose audience of leave I saw Sultan Mahmout, and obtained a firman to visit the mosques, of which I gave you some description in my last letter, now voyaging towards England in the Salsette frigate, in which I visited the plains of Troy and Constantinople. My next movement is to-morrow into the Morea, where I shall probably remain a month or two, and then return to winter here, if I do not change my plans, which, however, are very variable, as you may suppose ; but *none* of them verge to England.

The Marquis of Sligo, my old fellow collegian, is here, and wishes to accompany me into the Morea. We shall go together for that purpose ; but I am already wofully sick of travelling companions, after a year's experience of Mr. Hobhouse, who is on his way to Great Britain. Lord S. will afterwards pursue his way to the capital, and Lord B. having seen all the wonders in that

quarter, will let you know what he does next, of which at present he is not quite certain. Malta is my perpetual post office, from which my letters are forwarded to all parts of the habitable globe: by-the-by, I have now been in Asia, Africa, and the east of Europe, and indeed, made the most of my time, without hurrying over the most interesting scenes of the ancient world. Fletcher, after having been toasted, and roasted, and baked, and grilled, and eaten by all sorts of creeping things, begins to philosophize, is grown a refined as well as resigned character, and promises at his return to become an ornament to his own parish, and a very prominent person in the future family pedigree of the *Fletchers*, who I take to be Goths by their accomplishments, Greeks by their acuteness, and ancient Saxons by their appetite. He (Fletcher) begs leave to send half a dozen sighs to Sally, his spouse, and wonders (though I do not) that his ill written and worse spelt letters have never come to hand; as for that matter, there is no great loss in either of our letters, saving and except that I wish you to know we are well, and warm enough at this present writing, God knows. You must not expect long letters at present, for they are written with the sweat of my brow, I assure you. It is rather singular that Mr. H*** has not written a syllable since my departure. Your letters I have mostly received, as well as

others ; from which I conjecture, that the man of law is either angry or busy. I trust you like Newstead, and agree with your neighbours : but you know *you* are a *vixen*--is not that a dutiful appellation ? Pray take care of my books, and several boxes of papers in the hands of Joseph ; and pray leave me a few bottles of Champagne to drink, for I am very thirsty ; but I do not insist on the last article, without you like it. I suppose you have your house full of silly women, prating scandalous things. Have you ever received my picture in oil from Sanders, London ? It has been paid for these sixteen months ; why do you not get it ? My suite, consisting of two Turks, two Greeks, a Lutheran, and the nondescript Fletcher, are making so much noise that I am glad to sign myself,

Yours, &c. &c.

BYRON.

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Patras, July 30th, 1810.

Dear Madam,

In four days from Constantinople, with a favourable wind, I arrived in the frigate at the

island of Teos, from whence I took a boat to Athens, where I met my friend the Marquis of Sligo, who expressed a wish to proceed with me as far as Corinth. At Corinth we separated, he for Tripolitza, I for Patras, where I had some business with the consul, Mr. Strané, in whose house I now write. He has rendered me every service in his power since I quitted Malta on my way to Constantinople, whence I have written to you twice or thrice. In a few days I visit the Pacha at Tripolitza, make the tour of the Morea, and return again to Athens, which at present is my head-quarters. The heat is at present intense. In England, if it reaches 98, you are all on fire: the other day, in travelling between Athens and Megara, the thermometer was at 125 !! Yet I feel no inconvenience: of course I am much bronzed, but I live temperately, and never enjoyed better health.

Before I left Constantinople, I saw the Sultan (with Mr. Adair), and the interior of the mosques, things which rarely happen to travellers. Mr. Hobhouse is gone to England; I am in no hurry to return, but have no particular communications for your country, except my surprise at Mr. H **'s silence, and my desire that he will remit regularly. I suppose some arrangement has been made with regard to Wyndham and Rochdale. Malta is my post office,

or to Mr. Strané's, consul general, Patras, Morea. You complain of my silence—I have written twenty or thirty times within the last year: never less than twice a month, and often more.

If my letters do not arrive, you must not conclude that we are eaten, or that there is a war, or a pestilence, or famine: neither must you credit silly reports, which I dare say you have in *Notts* as usual. I am very well, and neither more or less happy than I usually am, except that I am very glad to be once more alone (for I was sick of my companion, not that he was a bad one), but because my nature leads me to solitude, and that every day adds to this disposition. If I chose, here are many men who would wish to join me—one wants me to go to Egypt, another to Asia, of which I have seen enough. The greater part of Greece is already my own, so that I shall only go over my old ground, and look upon my old seas and mountains, the only acquaintances I ever found improve upon me. I have a tolerable suite, a Tartar, two Albanians, an interpreter, besides Fletcher; but in this country these are easily maintained. Adair received me wonderfully well, and indeed I have no complaints against any one. Hospitality here is necessary, for inns are not. I have lived in the houses of Greeks, Turks, Italians, and English—to-day in a palace, to-morrow in a cow-house; this day with the Pacha, the

next with a shepherd. I shall continue to write briefly, but frequently, and am glad to hear from you; but you fill your letters with things from the papers, as if English papers were not found all over the world. I have at this moment a dozen before me. Pray take care of my books, and believe me,

My dear Mother,

Yours, very faithfully,

BYRON.

LETTER XXX.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Patras, October 2d, 1810.

Dear Madam,

It is now several months since I have received any communication from you; but at this I am not surprised, nor indeed have I any complaint to make, since you have written frequently, for which I thank you; but I very much condemn Mr. H***, who has not taken the smallest notice of my many letters, nor of my request before I left England, which I sailed from on this *very* day fifteen months ago. Thus one year and a quarter have passed away, without my receiving

the least intelligence on the state of my affairs, and they were not in a posture to admit of neglect, and I do conceive and declare that Mr. H** has acted negligently and culpably in not apprizing me of his proceedings; I will also add uncivilly. His letters, were there any, could not easily mis-carry: the communications with the Levant are slow, but tolerably secure, at least as far as Malta, and there I left directions which I know would be observed. I have written to you several times from Constantinople and Smyrna. You will perceive by my date I am returned into the Morea, of which I have been making the tour, and visiting the Pacha, who gave me a fine horse, and paid me all possible honours and attention. I have now seen a good portion of Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor, and shall remain at Athens, and in the vicinity, till I hear from England. I have punctually obeyed your injunctions of writing frequently, but I shall not pretend to describe countries which have been already amply treated of. I believe before this time Mr. Hobhouse will have arrived in England, and he brings letters from me, written at Constantinople. In these I mention having seen the Sultan and the mosques, and that I swam from Sestos to Abydos, an exploit of which I take care to boast.

I am here on business at present, but Athens is

my head quarters, where I am very pleasantly situated in a Franciscan convent.

Believe me to be, with great sincerity,
Yours very affectionately,

BYRON.

P. S. Fletcher is well, and discontented as usual; his wife don't write, at least her scrawls have not arrived. You will address to Malta. Pray have you never received my picture in oil from Sanders, Vigo lane, London?

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Athens, Jan. 14th, 1811.

My dear Madam,

I seize an occasion to write as usual, shortly, but frequently, as the arrival of letters where there exists no regular communication, is, of course, very precarious. I have received, at different intervals, several of yours, but generally six months after date; some sooner, some later, and, though lately tolerably stationary, the delays appear just the same. I have lately made several small tours of some hundred or two miles about the Morea, Attica, &c. as I have finished my

grand giro by the Troad, Constantinople, &c. and am returned down again to Athens. I believe I have mentioned to you more than once, that I swam (in imitation of Leander, though without his lady) across the Hellespont, from Sestos to Abydos. Of this, and all other particulars, Fletcher, whom I have sent home with papers, &c. will apprize you. I cannot find that he is any loss; being tolerably master of the Italian and modern Greek languages, which last I am also studying with a master, I can order and discourse more than enough for a reasonable man. Besides the perpetual lamentations after beef and beer, the stupid bigotted contempt for every thing foreign, and insurmountable incapacity of acquiring even a few words of any language, rendered him, like all other English servants, an incumbrance. I do assure you, the plague of speaking for him, the comforts he required, (more than myself by far,) the pilaws, (a Turkish dish of rice and meat,) which he could not eat, the wines which he could not drink, the beds where he could not sleep, and the long list of calamities, such as stumbling horses, want of *tea!!!* &c., which assailed him, would have made a lasting source of laughter to a spectator, and inconvenience to a master. After all, the man is honest enough, and in Christendom capable enough, but in Turkey, Lord forgive me! my Albanian soldiers, my Tartars and Jani-

zary worked for him and us too, as my friend Hobhouse can testify. It is probable I may steer home-wards in the spring; but, to enable me to do that, I must have remittances. My own funds would have lasted me very well, but I was obliged to assist a friend, who I know will pay me; but, in the mean time, I am out of pocket. At present, I do not care to venture a winter's voyage, even if I were otherwise tired of travelling; but I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind instead of reading about them, and the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us, to send our young men abroad for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us.

Here I see and have conversed with French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, &c. &c. &c. and without losing sight of my own. I can judge of the countries and manners of others. Where I see the superiority of England (which, by-the-by, we are a great deal mistaken about in many things,) I am pleased, and where I find her inferior, I am at least enlightened. Now, I might have staid smoked in your towns, or fogged in your country a century, without being sure of this, and without acquiring any thing more useful or amusing at home. I keep no journal, nor have I any intention of scribbling my

travels. I have done with authorship ; and, if in my last production, I have convinced the critics or the world I was something more than they took me for, I am satisfied ; nor will I hazard *that reputation* by a future effort. It is true, I have some others in manuscript, but I leave them for those who come after me ; and, if deemed worth publishing, they may serve to prolong my memory, when I myself shall cease to remember.

I have a famous Bavarian artist taking some views of Athens, &c. &c. for me. This will be better than scribbling, a disease I hope myself cured of. I hope, on my return, to lead a quiet and recluse life, but God knows, and does best for us all ; at least, so they say, and I have nothing to object, as, on the whole, I have no reason to complain of my lot. I am convinced, however, that men do more harm to themselves, than ever the devil could do to them. I trust this will find you well, and as happy as we can be; you will, at least, be pleased to find that I am so, and

Yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Athens, Feb. 28th 1811.

Dear Madam,

As I have received a firman for Egypt, &c. I shall proceed to that quarter in the spring, and I beg you will state to Mr. H ** that it is necessary to further remittances. On the subject of Newstead, I answer as before, *no*. If it is necessary to sell, sell Rochdale. Fletcher will have arrived by this time with my letters to that purport. I will tell you fairly, I have, in the first place, no opinion of funded property: if, by any particular circumstances, I shall be led to adopt such a determination, I will, at all events, pass my life abroad, as my only tie to England is Newstead, and that once gone, neither interest nor inclination lead me northward. Competence in your country is ample wealth in the east, such is the difference in the value of money, and the abundance of the necessaries of life: and I feel myself so much a citizen of the world, that the spot where I can enjoy a delicious climate, and every luxury, at a less expense than a common college life in England, will always be a country to me; and such are in fact the shores of the

Archipelago. This then is the alternative ; if I preserve Newstead, I return ; if I sell it, I stay away. I have had no letters since yours of June, but I have written several times, and shall continue, as usual, on the same plan.

Believe me,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

P. S. I shall most likely see you in the course of the summer, but, of course, at such a distance, I cannot specify any particular month.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Volage Frigate, at Sea, June 25th, 1811.

Dear Mother,

This letter, which will be forwarded on our arrival at Portsmouth, probably about the 4th of July, is begun about 23 days after our departure from Malta. I have just been two years (to a day, on the 2d of July) absent from England, and I return to it with much the same feelings which prevailed on my departure, viz. indifference : but within that apathy I certainly do not comprise

yourself, as I will prove by every means in my power. You will be good enough to get my apartments ready at Newstead, but don't disturb yourself on any account, particularly mine, nor consider me in any other light than as a visitor. I must only inform you that for a long time I have been restricted to an entire vegetable diet, neither fish nor flesh coming within my regimen; so I expect a powerful stock of potatoes, greens and biscuit: I drink no wine. I have two servants, middle-aged men, and both Greeks. It is my intention to proceed first to town, to see Mr. H**, and thence to Newstead, on my way to Rochdale. I have only to beg you will not forget my diet, which it is very necessary for me to observe. I am well in health, as I have generally been, with the exception of two agues, both of which I quickly got over. My plans will so much depend on circumstances, that I shall not venture to lay down an opinion on the subject. My prospects are not very promising, but I suppose we shall wrestle through life like our neighbours; indeed, by Mr. H.'s last advices, I have some apprehensions of finding Newstead dismantled by Messrs. Brothers, &c., and he seems determined to force me into selling it, but he will be baffled. I don't suppose I shall be much pestered with visitors; but if I am, you must receive them, for I am determined to have nobody breaking in upon my

retirement; you know that I never was fond of society, and I am less so than before. I have brought you a shawl, and a quantity of attar of roses, but these I must smuggle, if possible. I trust to find my library in tolerable order. Fletcher is no doubt arrived. I shall separate the Mill from Mr. B.'s farm, for his son is too gay a deceiver to inherit both, and place Fletcher in it, who has served me faithfully, and whose wife is a good woman; besides, it is necessary to sober young Mr. B ***, or he will people the parish with bastards. In a word, if he had seduced a dairy-maid he might have found something like an apology; but the girl is his equal, and in high life or low life reparation is made in such circumstances. But I shall not interfere further than (like Buonaparte) by dismembering Mr. B.'s *kingdom*, and erecting part of it into a principality for field-marshall Fletcher! I hope you govern my little *empire* and its sad load of national debt with a wary hand. To drop my metaphor, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours ever,

B.

This letter was written to be sent from Portsmouth, but on arriving there, the squadron was ordered to the Nore, from whence I shall forward it. This I have not done before, supposing you might be alarmed by the interval, mentioned in

the letter being longer than expected between our arrival in port and my appearance at Newstead.

July 14th, 1811.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE HON. MRS. BYRON.

Reddish's Hotel, July 23d, 1811.

St. James's street, London.

My dear Madam,

I am only detained by Mr. H** to sign some copy-hold papers, and will give you timely notice of my approach. It is with great reluctance I remain in town. I shall pay a short visit as we go on to Lancashire on Rochdale business. I shall attend to your directions, of course, and am,

With great respect,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

P. S. You will consider Newstead as your house, not mine; and me only as a visitor.

CONTINUATION

OF MY

CORRESPONDENCE WITH LORD BYRON.

IN order to facilitate in the following letters the understanding of some remarks made by Lord Byron relative to a young man of the name of Blackett, it is requisite to state that he was a poor shoemaker: so poor that he worked in a garret, and did not procure sufficient employment to make life tolerably comfortable; in spite of which he married, and had children. In his unoccupied hours he made verses as well as shoes. Some of these found their way into the hands of Mr. Pratt, himself a successful writer, whose benevolence and enthusiasm always equalled, and sometimes outstripped, his judgment. He immediately saw latent genius in these essays of an uneducated man, sought him, became confirmed in the opinion he had formed, and, doubly excited by the miserable state in which he found him, resolved to do

him all the service that his pen and influence could effect publicly and privately. He collected a volume of his writings sufficient to form the foundation of a subscription, which soon became so ample as to lower him from his attics. Pratt then persuaded Mr. Elliston, the actor, to be among his applauders and protectors. I remember hearing Mr. Elliston speak of a dramatic production of Blackett's with infinite ardour, and of the author as a wonderful genius. I do not, however, think that he ever produced the piece. Other patrons and patronesses appeared, and it is a curious incident that one of the latter, then a perfect stranger to Lord Byron, should afterwards become his wife. That lady and her parents were very good to Blackett, invited him, as I was informed, to the country where their estates lie, and accommodated him with a cottage to reside in. The poor fellow's constitution, either originally weak, or undermined by the hardships of poverty, failed him at a very early period of life. After some stay at the cottage, he was advised to go and breathe the air of his native place, though situated more to the north. There, for a short time, he comforted his mother, and was comforted by her, and by the benevolent attentions of the faculty. Upon his death, Mr. Pratt collected all his additional compositions; and, adopting the title which Mr. SOUTHEY had given

to the works of KIRKE WHITE, published the whole of his writings together as “The Remains of Joseph Blackett,” by which another considerable collection was made, and formed into a fund for the support of Blackett’s surviving daughter.

Genius, we well know, is not the exclusive inheritance of the affluent, but without a considerable degree of education it has not the means of displaying itself, especially in poetry, where the flowers of language are almost as essential as the visions of fancy. Rhetoric and grammar are not necessary in Mechanics and Mathematics, but they must be possessed by the Poet, whose title to genius may be overturned by the confusion of metaphors and the incongruities of tropes. I believe all the poets of low origin partook, more or less of the advantages of education. The last of these was Kirke White, whose learning and piety, however, I always thought far superior to his poetical nerve. Blackett was deficient in common learning—I had more pleasure in observing the improvement of his condition than in the perusal of his writings; though, in spite of the ridicule of Lord Byron, and my Joniah friend, as Lord Byron calls Waller Wright, I saw, or was persuaded by Mr. Pratt’s warmth, to see some sparkling of genius in the effusions of this young man. It was upon this that Lord Byron and a young friend of his were sometimes playful in conversa-

tion, and in writing to me. "I see," says the letter, "that Blackett the son of Crispin and Apollo is dead." Looking into Boswell's Life of Johnson the other day, I saw, 'We were talking about the famous Mr. Wordsworth, the poetical shoemaker!—Now, I never before heard that there had been a Mr. Wordsworth a poet, a shoemaker, or a famous man; and I dare say you have never heard of him. Thus it will be with Bloomfield and Blackett—their names two years after their death will be found neither on the rolls of Curriers' Hall nor of Parnassus. Who would think that any body would be such a blockhead as to sin against an express proverb, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam!'

But spare him, ye Critics, his follies are past,
For the Cobbler is come, as he ought, to his *last*.

Which two lines, with a scratch under *last*, to show where the joke lies, I beg that you will prevail on Miss Milbank to have inserted on the tomb of her departed Blackett." In my reply, I said, "With respect to Blackett, whatever you may think of his presumption in attempting to ascend Parnassus, you cannot blame him for descending from a garret to a drawing-room; for changing starvation and misery for good food and flattering attention; an unwilling apothecary for phy-

sicians rivalling one another in solicitude and disinterested attendance ; which change, I can assure you, is nothing more than literal truth." This produced the following rejoinder : " You seem to me to put Blackett's case quite in the right light —to be sure any one would rise if he could, and any one has a right to make the effort ; but then any one, on the other hand, has a right to keep the aspirant down, if he thinks the man's pretensions ill founded. I do not laugh at Blackett, but at those who flattered him. He, poor fellow, was perfectly right, if he could find protectors, to gain them, either by verse-making or shoe-making. Indeed, he was right in trying the former, as by far the most easy and expeditious of the two. Were a regular bred author, a gentleman of education, to write like them, their verses would not be tolerated. But every one is in a stare of admiration that a cobbler or a tinker should be able to rhyme at all. We gaze at them, not at their poetry, which is like the crabs found in the heart of a rock :

‘The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there.’

Some applaud the prodigy out of sheer bad taste ; they do not know that his nonsense is nonsense ; others out of pure humanity and goodness of heart. The first are such people as Pratt and

Capel Loft : the second, such critics as yourself, my dear Sir. But this is, as I said before, a piece of injustice to men of education, who may sweat, strain, and labour, and, when they have done their best, hear their own qualifications quoted against them :—The world says, ‘ Mr. —— ought to have known better—I wonder a man of his education should fail so wretchedly ! You must not bring G*** against me, nor a much greater man, Burns, because, the one was a cobbler, and the other a ploughman ; for reading their verses we never think of the poet ; no, we only are intent upon and admire the poetry, which would have delighted us had it been written by Dryden, or Gay, or any other great name. In the other case, we ought to content ourselves with saying, ‘ There goes a wonderful cobbler.’ It is folly and falsehood to say, ‘ Look at that poet, he was a cobbler once.’

It is very true that he was a cobbler once ; but it is not true that he is a poet now. Shall I tell you, however, to what the reputation of these sort of men is owing ? Doubtless it is to the vanity of those who choose to set up for patrons, and who, because men of sense and character would scorn their protection, look out for little sparklings of talent in the depth and darkness of cellars, and stalls, and having popped upon something to their mind, stamp it with their own seal

of merit to pass current with the world. You know a man of true genius will not suffer himself to be patronized ; but a patron is the life and soul and existence of your surprising fellows. The only legitimate patron is the respectable bookseller, and he will not take a cobbler's verses, unless they are brought to him by some Macenas who will promise to run all risks."

LETTER XXXV.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Volage Frigate, at sea, June 28th, 1811.

My dear Sir,

After two years' absence (to a day, on the 2d of July, before which we shall not arrive at Portsmouth,) I am retracing my way to England. I have, as you know, spent the greater part of that period in Turkey, except two months in Spain and Portugal, which were then accessible. I have seen every thing most remarkable in Turkey, particularly the Troad, Greece, Constantinople, and Albania, into which last region very few have penetrated so high as Hobhouse and myself. I don't know that I have done any thing to distinguish me from other voyagers, unless you will reckon

my swimming from Sestos to Abydos, on May 3d 1810, a tolerable feat for a *modern*.

I am coming back with little prospect of pleasure at home, and with a body a little shaken by one or two smart fevers, but a spirit I hope yet unbroken. My affairs, it seems, are considerably involved, and much business must be done with lawyers, colliers, farmers, and creditors. Now this to a man who hates bustle as he hates a bishop, is a serious concern. But enough of my home department.

I find I have been scolding Cawthorn without a cause, as I found two parcels with two letters from you on my return to Malta. By these it appears you have not received a letter from Constantinople, addressed to Longman's, but it was of no consequence.

My Satire, it seems, is in a fourth edition, a success rather above the middling run, but not much for a production which, from its topics, must be temporary, and of course be successful at first, or not at all. At this period, when I can think and act more coolly, I regret that I have written it, though I shall probably find it forgotten by all except those whom it has offended. My friend **'s Miscellany has not succeeded, but he himself writes so good humouredly on the subject, I don't know whether to laugh or cry with

him. He met with your son at Cadiz, of whom he speaks highly.

Yours and Pratt's protégé, Blackett the cobbler, is dead, in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you: had it not been for his patrons, he might now have been in very good plight, shoe (not verse) making; but you have made him immortal with a vengeance. I write this, supposing poetry, patronage, and strong watters to have been the death of him. If you are in town in or about the beginning of July, you will find me at Dorant's in Albemarle street, glad to see you. I have an *Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry* ready for Cawthorn, but don't let that deter you, for I shan't inflict it upon you. You know I never read my rhymes to visitors. I shall quit town in a few days for Notts, and thence to Rochdale. I shall send this the moment we arrive in harbour, that is a week hence.

Yours ever sincerely,

BYRON.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO LORD BYRON.

Brickstables, July 13th, 1811.

My dear Lord,

I called this morning at Reddish's Hotel, with the hope of hearing something of you, since which your letter, written at sea, has been delivered to me. On Monday I trust I shall have the pleasure of welcoming you in person back to England. I hope you will find more pleasure in it than you seem to promise yourself. I pity you indeed for the bustle that awaits you in the arrangement of your affairs. I wish to heaven you would allow me to recommend to you a gentleman whom I have long known; a man of the strictest honour; a man of business; and one of the best accountants in the kingdom. He would, I am confident, save you a world of trouble and a world of money. I know how much he has done for others, who, but for him, would have been destroyed by the harpies of extortion. I will tell you more of him when we meet, unless you should think I have already taken sufficient liberty, in which case I should only beg you to forget it for the sake of my intention. I rejoice to hear that you are prepared for the press. I

hope to have you in *prose* as well as verse by and by. You will find your Satire not forgotten by the public : it is going fast through its fourth edition, and I cannot call that a *middling run*. Some letters have passed between Hobhouse and me. His account of my son was truly gratifying to me. He is a fortunate lad. I wish *you* had touched at Cadiz, in your way home. George Byron and he, I find, are in correspondence.

Your ever attached and faithful,

R. C. DALLAS.

Written in haste on account of an engagement.

On the 15th of July I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him at Reddish's Hotel, in St. James's street. I thought his looks belied the report he had given me of his bodily health, and his countenance did not betoken melancholy, or displeasure at his return. He was very animated in the account of his travels, but assured me he had never had the least idea of writing them. He said he believed Satire to be his *forte*, and to that he had adhered, having written, during his stay at different places abroad, a paraphrase of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, which would be a good finish to English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. He seemed to promise himself additional fame from it, and I

undertook to superintend its publication, as I had done that of the Satire. I had chosen the hour ill for my visit, and we had hardly any time to converse uninterruptedly, he therefore engaged me to breakfast with him the next morning. In the mean time I looked over the Paraphrase, which I had taken home with me, and I must say I was grievously disappointed. Not that the verse was bad, or the images of the Roman poet badly adapted to the times ; but a muse much inferior to his might have produced them in the smoky atmosphere of London, whereas he had been roaming under the cloudless skies of Greece, on sites where every step he took might have set such a fancy as his “in fine frenzies rolling.” But the poem was his, and the affection he had acquired in my heart was undiminished.

The following lines are inserted as a fair specimen. It began thus :—

“Who would not laugh, if LAWRENCE hired to grace
His costly canvas with each flatter’d face,
Abused his art, till Nature with a blush
Saw Cits grow Centaurs underneath his brush ?
Or should some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid’s tail ;
Or low D (as once the world has seen)
Degrade God’s creatures in his graphic spleen—
Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.

Believe me, Moschus, like that picture seems
 The book which, sillier than a sick man's dreams,
 Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
 Poetic nightmares without head or feet.

Poets and painters, as all artists know,
 May shoot a little with a lengthen'd bow ;
 We claim this mutual mercy for our task,
 And grant in turn the pardon which we ask ;
 But make not monsters spring from gentle dams—
 Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not lambs.
 A laboured, long exordium, sometimes tends
 (Like patriot speeches,) but to paltry ends ;
 And nonsense in a lofty note goes down,
 As pertness passes with a legal gown :
 Thus many a bard describes in pompous strain
 The clear brook babbling through the goodly plain :
 The groves of Granta,—and her Gothic halls,
 King's Coll—Cam's stream—stained windows, and old walls;
 Or in advent'rous numbers neatly aims,
 To paint a rainbow or—the river Thames.*

You sketch a tree, and so perhaps may shine ;
 But daub a shipwreck like an alehouse sign ;
 Why place a VASE, which dwindling to a POT,
 You glide down Grub-street, fasting and forgot ?
 Laughed into Lethe by some quaint Review
 Whose wit is never troublesome—till true.

In fine, to whatsoever you aspire,
 Let it at least be simple and entire.
 The greater portion of the rhyming tribe
 (Give ear my friend, for thou hast been a scribe,)

* "Where pure description holds the place of sense."—*Pope*.

Are led astray by some peculiar lure :
I labour to be brief—become obscure :
One feeds while following elegance too fast ;
Another soars—infated with bombast ;
Too low a third crawls on,—afraid to fly,
He spins his subject to satiety ;
Absurdly varying, he at last engraves
Fish in the woods, and boars beneath the waves !

Unless your care's exact, your judgment nice,
The flight from folly leads but into vice :
None are complete, all wanting in some part,
Like certain tailors—limited in art—
For coat and waistcoat Slowshears is your man ;
But breeches claim another artisan.—*

Now this to me I own seems much the same
As Vulcan's feet to bear Apollo's frame ;
Or, with a fair complexion to expose
Black eyes, black ringlets, and a bottle nose !
Dear Authors ! suit your topics to your strength,
And ponder well your subject and its length ;
Nor lift your load until you're quite aware
What weight your shoulders will or will not bear :
But lucid Order and Wit's syren voice,
Await the poet skilful in his choice :
With native eloquence he soars along,
Grace in his thoughts, and music in his song.—

* Mere common mortals were commonly content with one tailor and one bill ; but the more finished gentlemen found it impossible to confide their lower garments to the makers of their body clothes. I speak of the beginning of 1809 ; what reform may have since taken place I neither know nor desire to know.

Let judgment teach him wisely to combine
 With future parts the now omitted line :
 This shall the author choose, or that reject,
 Precise in style, and cautious to select.

Nor slight applause will candid pens afford
 The dext'rous coiner of a *wanting* word.
 Then fear not, if 'tis needful, to produce
 Some term unknown, or obsolete in use ;
 As Pitt* has furnished us a word or two,
 Which Lexicographers declined to do ;
 So you indeed with care (but be content
 To take this license rarely) may invent.
 New words find credit in these later days,
 Adroitly grafted on a Gallic phrase ;
 What Chaucer, Spencer did, we scarce refuse
 To Dryden's, or to Pope's maturer muse.
 If you can add a little, say, why not,
 As well as William Pitt, and Walter Scott ?
 Since they by force of rhyme and force of lungs,
 Enriched our island's ill-united tongues ;
 'Tis then—and shall be—lawful to present
 Reforms in writing, as in parliament.

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
 So fade expressions, which in season please ;
 And we and ours, alas ! are due to fate,
 And works and words but dwindle to a date—
 Though as a monarch nods, and commerce calls,
 Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals ;

* Mr. Pitt was liberal in his additions to our parliamentary tongue, as may be seen in many publications, particularly the Edinburgh Review.

Though swamps subdued and marshes dried sustain
 The heavy ploughshare, and the yellow grain ;
 And rising ports along the busy shore,
 Protect the vessel from old ocean's roar ;
 All, all must perish—but, surviving last,
 The love of letters half preserves the past—
 Thus future years dead volumes shall revive,
 And those shall sink which now appear to thrive ;*
 As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
 Our life and language must alike obey.

The immortal wars which gods and angels wage,
 Are they not shown in Milton's sacred page ?
 His strain will teach what numbers best belong
 To themes celestial told in epic song.

The slow sad stanza will correctly paint
 The lover's anguish, or the friend's complaint ;
 But which deserves the laurel—rhyme or blank ?
 Which holds in Helicon the higher rank ?
 Let squabbling critics by themselves dispute
 This point, as puzzling as a chancery suit.

Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleen.
 You doubt—see Dryden, Pope, St. Patrick's Dean.†
 Blank verse is now with one consent allied
 To tragedy, and rarely quits her side :

* Old ballads, old plays, and old women's stories, are at present in as much request as old wine or newspapers : in fact, this is the millenium of black-letter; thanks to our Webers and Scotts !

† McFlecknoe, much of the Dunciad, and all Swift's lampooning ballads.

Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dryden's days,
 No sing-song hero rants in modern plays:
 While modest comedy her verse foregoes,
 To jest and *pun** in very middling prose:
 Not that our Bens or Beaumonts show the worse,
 Or lose one point because they wrote in verse;
 But so Thalia ventures to appear—
 Poor virgin! damned some twenty times a year.

* * * * *

"Tis hard to venture where our betters fail,
 Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale.
 And yet, perchance, 'tis wiser to prefer
 A hackneyed plot, than choose a new, and err—
 Yet copy not too closely, but record
 More justly thought for thought, than word for word.
 Nor trace your prototype through narrow ways,
 But only follow where he merits praise.
 For your young bard, whom luckless fate may lead
 To tremble on the nod of all who read,
 Ere your first score of cantos time unrolls,
 Beware—for God's sake, don't begin like Bowles![†]

* With all the vulgar applause and critical abhorrence of *puns*, they have Aristotle on their side, who permits them to orators, and gives them consequence by a grave disquisition.

† About two years ago, a young man, named Townsend, was announced by Mr. Cumberland, (in a review since deceased,) as being engaged in an epic poem to be entitled "Armageddon." The plan and specimen promise much; but I hope neither to offend Mr. T. or his friends, by recommending to his attention the lines of Horace to which these rhymes allude. If Mr. T. succeeds in his undertaking, as there is reason to hope, how much will the world be indebted to Mr.

"Awake a louder and a loftier strain—"
And pray—what follows from his boiling brain?
He sinks to Southey's level in a trice,
Whose epic mountains never fail in mice.
Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire,
The tempered warblings of his master lyre.

Cumberland for bringing him before the public! But till that eventful day arrives, it may be doubted whether the premature display of his plan (sublime as the ideas confessedly are) has not, by raising expectation too high, or diminishing curiosity by developing his argument, rather incurred the hazard of injuring Mr. T.'s future prospects. Mr. Cumberland (whose talents I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my praise) and Mr. T. must not suppose me actuated by unworthy motives in this suggestion. I wish the author all the success he can wish himself, and shall be truly happy to see epic poetry weighed up from the bathos where it has sunken with Southey, Cottle, Cowley (Mrs. or Abraham), Ogilvy, Wilkie, Page, and all the "dull of past and present days." Even if he is not a *Milton* he may be better than a *Blackmore*; if not a *Homer*, an *Antimachus*. I should deem myself presumptuous, as a young man, in offering advice, were it not addressed to one still younger. Mr. T. has the greatest difficulties to encounter, but in conquering them he will find employment—in having conquered them, his reward. I know too well "the scribbler's scoff, the critic's contumely," and I am afraid time will teach Mr. T. to know them better. Those who succeed and those who do not, must bear this alike, and it is hard to say which have most of it. I trust that Mr. Townsend's share will be from *envy*; he will soon know mankind well enough not to attribute this expression to malice.

The above note was written before the author was apprized of Mr. Cumberland's death.

Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
“ Of man’s first disobedience and the fruit”
He speaks, but as his subject swells along,
Earth, heaven, and hades echo with the song.
Still to the midst of things he hastens on,
As if he witnessed all already done;
Leaves on his path whatever seems too mean
To raise the subject or adorn the scene ;
Gives, as each page improves upon the sight,
Not smoke from brightness, but from darkness light,
And truth and fiction with such art compounds,
We know not where to fix their several bounds.

In not disparaging this poem, however, next day, I could not refrain from expressing some surprise that he had written nothing else; upon which he told me that he had occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spencer’s measure, relative to the countries he had visited. “ They are not worth troubling you with, but you shall have them all with you if you like.” So came I by *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*. He took it from a small trunk, with a number of verses. He said they had been read but by one person, who had found very little to commend and much to condemn: that he himself was of that opinion, and he was sure I should be so too. Such as it was, however, it was at my service: but he was urgent that “ The Hints from Horace” should be immediately put in train, which I promised to have done. How much he was mistaken

as to my opinion, the following letter shows. He was going next morning to Harrow for a few days, but I was so delighted with his poem that I could not refrain from writing to him that very evening.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO LORD BYRON.

July 16, 1811.

My dear Lord,

You have written one of the most delightful poems I ever read. If I wrote this in flattery, I should deserve your contempt rather than your friendship. Remember I depend upon your considering me superior to it. I have been so fascinated with Childe Harold that I have not been able to lay it down. I would almost pledge my life on its advancing the reputation of your poetical powers, and of its gaining you great honour and regard, if you will do me the credit and favour of attending to my suggestions respecting some alterations and omissions which I think indispensable. Not a line do I mean to offer. I already know your sentiment on that point—all shall be your own, but in having the magnani-

mity to sacrifice some favourite stanzas, you will perhaps have a little trouble, though indeed but a little, in connecting the parts. I shall instantly put the poem into my nephew's hands to copy it precisely, and I hope on Friday or Saturday morning to take my breakfast with you, as I did this morning. It is long since I spent two hours so agreeably—not only your kind expressions as to myself, but the marked temperance of your mind gave me extreme pleasure.

I am, with the warmest attachment,

My dear Lord,

Yours most faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

Attentive as he had hitherto been to my opinions and suggestions, and natural as it was that he should be swayed by such decided praise, I was surprised to find that I could not at first obtain credit with Lord Byron for my judgment on Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. "It was any thing but poetry—it had been condemned by a good critic—had I not myself seen the sentences on the margins of the manuscript?" He dwelt upon the paraphrase of the Art of Poetry with pleasure, and the manuscript of that was given to Cawthorn, the publisher of the Satire, to be brought

forth without delay. I did not, however, leave him so; before I quitted him I returned to the charge, and told him that I was so convinced of the merit of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, that as he had given it to me I should certainly publish it, if he would have the kindness to attend to some corrections and alterations.

He at length seemed impressed by my perseverance, and took the poem into consideration. He was at first unwilling to alter or omit any of the stanzas, but they could not be published as they stood. Besides several weak and ludicrous passages, unworthy of the work, there were some of an offensive nature, which, on reflection, his own feelings convinced him could not with propriety be allowed to go into the world. These he undertook to curtail and soften, but he persisted in preserving his philosophical, free-thinking stanzas, relative to death. I had much friendly but unsuccessful contest with him on that point, and I was obliged to be satisfied with the hypothetical but most beautiful stanza,

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore, &c.

which in the course of our contention he sent me, to be inserted after the sceptical stanzas in the beginning of the second canto. He also sacrificed to me some harsh political reflections on the go-

vernment, and a ludicrous stanza or two which I thought injured the poem. I did all I could to raise his opinion of this composition, and I succeeded ; but he varied much in his feelings about it, nor was he, as will appear, at his ease, until the world decided on its merit. He said again and again that I was going to get him into a scrape with his old enemies, and that none of them would rejoice more than the Edinburgh Reviewers at an opportunity to humble him. He said I must not put his name to it. I entreated him to leave it to me, and that I would answer for this poem silencing all his enemies.

The publication of it being determined upon, my first thought respecting a publisher was to give it to Cawthorn, as it appeared to me right that he should have it who had done so well with the poet's former work ; but Cawthorn did not then rank high among the brethren of the trade. I found that this had been instilled into Lord Byron's ear since his return to England, probably at Harrow. I was sorry for it, for instead of looking for fashionable booksellers, he should have done as Pope did, made his bookseller the most fashionable one, and this he could easily have done. He thought more modestly of himself, and said he wished I would offer it to Miller, of Albemarle street. "Cawthorn had the Hints from Horace—he always meant them for

him, and the Poems had better be published by different booksellers." I could not accord in the opinion, but I yielded of course to his wish. It was but a step: I carried it up to Miller, and left it with him, enjoining him the strictest secrecy as to the author.—In a few days, by appointment, I called again to know his decision. He declined publishing it. He noticed all my objections, his critic had pointed them out; but his chief objection he stated to be the manner in which Lord Elgin was treated in the poem. He was his bookseller and publisher. When I reported this to Lord Byron, his scruples and apprehensions of injuring his fame returned; but I overcame them, and he gave me leave to publish with whom I pleased, requesting me only to keep in mind what he had said as to Cawthorn, and also the refusal of Longman's house to publish his Satire. Next to these I wished to oblige Mr. Murray, who had then a shop opposite St. Dunstan's church, in Fleet-street. Both he and his father before him, had published for myself. He had expressed to me his regret that I did not carry him the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. But this was after its success—I think he would have refused it in its embryo state. After Lord Byron's arrival I had met him, and he said he wished I would obtain some work of his for him. I now had it in my power, and I put Childe

Harold's Pilgrimage into his hands, telling him that Lord Byron had made me a present of it, and that I expected that he would make a very liberal agreement with me for it. He took some days to consider, during which time he consulted his literary advisers, among whom, no doubt, was Mr. Gifford, who was the editor of the Quarterly Review, belonging to him. That Mr. Gifford gave a favourable opinion I afterwards learned from Mr. Murray himself, but the objections I have stated stared him in the face, and he was kept in suspense between the desire of possessing a work of Lord Byron's, and the fear of an unsuccessful speculation. We came to this conclusion; that he should print, at his expense, a handsome quarto edition, the profits of which I should share equally with him, and that the agreement for the copy-right should depend upon the success of this edition. When I told this to Lord Byron he was highly pleased, but still doubted the copyright being worth my acceptance; promising, however, if the poem went through the edition, to give me other poems to annex to Childe Harold. These preliminaries being settled, I persisted in my attacks on the objectionable parts of this delightful work, now formally become mine. He wrote an introductory stanza, for the second originally stood first, polished some lines, and became in general far

more condescending and compliant than I ever flattered myself I should find him; which I attributed to his clearly perceiving how sincerely I loved him. Finding that I could gain nothing in respect to the sceptical stanzas, the conciliatory one I have already mentioned not having been written at that time, I drew up a regular *protest* against them, and enclosed it to him in a short letter just before he left town, which, though always intended to be soon, he did at last, very suddenly, in consequence of an express from Newstead Abbey, by which he was informed that his mother's life was despaired of, and urged to lose no time in coming to the Abbey. He instantly set off post with four horses, but, alas! she did not live to embrace him.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO LORD BYRON.

Brickstables, July 29th, 1811.

My dear Lord Byron,

WITHIN is my formal *protest* against the sceptical stanzas of your poem. You have seen no symptoms of a puritan in me; I have seen none of a scoffer in you.—You, I know, can endure my sincerity; I should be sorry if I could not appreciate yours. You have the uncommon vir-

tue of not being anxious to make others think as you do on religious topics ; I, less disinterested, have the greatest desire, not without great hope, that you may one day think as I do.

Ever faithfully yours,

R. C. DALLAS.

ENCLOSURE.

THE PROTEST OF R. C. DALLAS AGAINST CERTAIN SCEPTICAL STANZAS IN THE POEM ENTITLED CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Dissentient—

Because—Although among feeble and corrupt men religions may take their turn ; although Jupiter and Mahomet, and error after error may enter the brain of misguided mortals, it does not follow that there is not a true religion, or that the incense of the heart ascends in vain, or that the faith of a Christian is built on reeds.

Because—Although bound for a term to the earth, it is natural to hope, and rational to expect existence in another world ; since, if it be not so, the noblest attributes of God, justice and goodness, must be subtracted from our ideas of the great Creator ; and although our senses make us acquainted with the chemical decomposition of

our bodies, it does not follow that he who has power to create has not power to raise, or that he who had the will to give life and hope of immortality, has not the will to fulfil his virtual, not to say actual promise.

Because—Although a skull well affords a subject for moralizing; although in its worm-eaten, worm-disdained state, it is so far from being a temple worthy of a God, that it is unworthy of the creature whom it once served as the recess of wisdom and of wit; and although no saint, sage, or sophist can refit it, it does not follow that God's power is limited, or that what is sown in corruption may not be raised in incorruption, that what is sown a natural body may not be raised a spiritual body.

Because—The same authority, Socrates, cited to prove how unequal the human intellect is to fathom the designs of Omniscience and Omnipotence, is one of the strongest in favour of the immortality of the soul.

Because—Although there is good sense and a kind intention expressed in these words:—"I am no sneerer at thy phantasy," "Thou pitiest me; alas! I envy thee," and "I ask thee not to prove a Saducee." Yet the intention is counteracted by the sentiments avowed, and the example published, by which the young and the wavering may be detained in the wretchedness of doubt, or confirmed in the despair of unbelief.

Because—I think of the author of the poem as Pope did of Garth, of whom he said, “Garth is a Christian, and does not know it.” Consequently, I think that he will, one day, be sorry for publishing such opinions.

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, Notts, August 12th, 1811.

My dear Sir,

Peace be with the dead! Regret cannot wake them. With a sigh to the departed, let us resume the dull business of life, in the certainty that we also shall have our repose. Besides her who gave me being, I have lost more than one who made that being tolerable.—The best friend of my friend Hobhouse, M**, a man of the first talents, and also not the worst of my narrow circle, has perished miserably in the muddy waves of the Cam, always fatal to genius:—my poor school-fellow Wingfield, at Coimbra—within a month; and whilst I had heard from *all three*, but not seen *one*. M** wrote to me the very day before

his death, and though I feel for his fate, I am still more anxious for Hobhouse, who, I very much fear, will hardly retain his senses; his letters to me since the event have been most incoherent. But let this pass--we shall all one day pass along with the rest--the world is too full of such things, and our very sorrow is selfish.

I received a letter from you, which my late occupations prevented me from duly noticing,--I hope your friends and family will long hold together. I shall be glad to hear from you, on business, on common-place, or any thing, or nothing--but death--I am already too familiar with the dead. It is strange that I look on the skulls which stand beside me--(I have always had *four* in my study)--without emotion, but I cannot strip the features of those I have known of their fleshy covering, even in idea, without a hideous ~~sight~~ but the worms are less ceremonious.--~~and the Romans~~ did well when they burned the dead.--I shall be happy to hear from you, and am

Yours very sincerely,

BYRON

LETTER XL.

TO LORD BYRON.

Brickstables, August 18th, 1811.

My dear Lord,

On my return home last night, I received your letter, which renewed in my mind some of the most painful ideas which for many years accompanied me, or took place of all others; which, in spite of philosophy, and, yes, my lord, in spite of religion, rendered my life wretched; and which time, in bringing me nearer to eternity, has softened to such a degree that they are now far from being painful. But you deprecate the subject, and I will not enlarge upon it, though one I take some delight in. You have indeed had enough within a very short time, to make you prefer any other: yet I must not lose the opportunity of saying once more, what I imagine may have been said a thousand times before, that is, how cruel a present is a reflecting mind, if all existence terminates with life! I feel much for your friend Hobhouse. I supposed him embarked for Ireland, *en militaire*, at the time that I saw the ac-

count of Mr. M**'s fate in the papers. Resignation, I must own, is a difficult virtue when the heart is deeply affected—at the same time it is the part of every man of sense to cultivate it, and to be indebted for it rather to his reason, or his religion, than to the influence of time. I condemn myself, perhaps, but the argument may be of service to strong and active minds. With respect to your friend Wingfield, it must be some consolation to you to have consecrated his memory in the stanzas you have since inserted in your poem; and if there should be a meeting hereafter, as alluded to by the half-hoping stanza which you have added, let me flatter myself, to please me, the pleasure with him will not be a little heightened by that memorial.

The funeral pile, the ashes preserved by the asbestos and inurned, are circumstances more pleasing to the imagination than a box, a hole, and worms; but when the vivifying principle has ceased to act, let me say, when the soul is separated from the chemical elements which constitute body, reason says it is of little importance what becomes of them. Even in burning, we cannot save all the body from mixing with other natures: by the flames much is carried off into the atmosphere, and falls again to the earth to fertilize it, and sustain worms. Nay, in the entombed box perhaps the dust is at last more

purely preserved ; for though in the course of decomposition it gives a temporary existence to a loathsome creature, yet, in time, the rioted worm dies too, and gives back to the mass of dust the share of substance which it borrowed for its own form. I am afraid this language borders on the subject I meant to avoid. To something more like business then. I have seen Mr. Murray again—he begs to have your name in the title-page of the poem, particularly if it is printed in quarto. He says it will make a great difference in the circulation at first. I am clear your poetical fame runs no risk, and so far I am an advocate for your putting your name to it. With respect to certain passages, you have already had my protest ; and though I think them considerably softened down by the additional stanza, yet is that stanza couched in hypothetical terms. Pray let me know your decision with respect to giving your name, as soon as you can, as Mr. Murray waits for it before he determines on the quarto or octavo form. I have been reading the remains of Kirke White. He does not, in my opinion, merit the very high praise you have bestowed upon him. I willingly, however, give him every merit but that of superior genius —he is moral, pious, industrious, a scholar, and possesses talents, but he is not a first-rate poet. Do you mean to come back soon to town ? In

the mean time I shall be happy to do any thing for you which does not need your own presence.

Believe me ever, my dear Lord,
Yours most faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER XLI.

C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead, August 21st, 1811.

My dear Sir,

Your letter gives me credit for more acute feelings than I possess; for though I feel tolerably miserable, yet I am at the same time subject to a kind of hysterical merriment, or rather laughter without merriment, which I can neither account for nor conquer, and yet I do not feel relieved by it; but an indifferent person would think me in excellent spirits. "We must forget these things," and have recourse to our old selfish comforts, or rather comfortable selfishness. I do not think I shall return to London immediately, and shall therefore accept freely what is offered courteously, your mediation between me

and Murray. I don't think my name will answer the purpose, and you must be aware that my plaguy Satire will bring the North and South Grub-streets down upon the "Pilgrimage;"—but, nevertheless, if Murray makes a point of it, and you coincide with him, I will do it daringly; so let it be entitled, "by the Author of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." My remarks on the Romaic, &c. once intended to accompany the "Hints from Horace," shall go along with the other, as being indeed more appropriate; also the smaller poems now in my possession, with a few selected from those published in H**'s Miscellany. I have found amongst my poor mother's papers, all my letters from the East, and one in particular, of some length, from Albania. From this, if necessary, I can work up a note or two on that subject. As I kept no journal, the letters written on the spot are the best. But of this anon, when we have definitively arranged. Has Murray shown the work to any one? He may—but I will have no traps for applause. Of course there are little things I would wish you to alter, and perhaps the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on London's Sunday, are as well left out. I much wish to avoid identifying Childe Harold's character with mine, and that in sooth is my second objection to my name appearing in the title-page. When you have made arrangements

as to time, size, type, &c. favour me with a reply. I am giving you a universe of trouble, which thanks cannot atone for. I made a kind of prose apology for my scepticism at the head of the MS., which, on recollection, is so much more like an attack than a defence, that haply it might better be omitted. Perpend, pronounce. After all, I fear Murray will be in a scrape with the orthodox; but I cannot help it, though I wish him well through it. As for me, "I have supped full of criticism," and I don't think that the "most dismal treatise" will stir and rouse my "fell of hair" till "Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane."

I shall continue to write at intervals, and hope you will pay me in kind. How does Pratt get on, or rather get off Joe Blackett's posthumous stock? You killed that poor man amongst you, in spite of your Ionian friend and myself, who would have saved him from Pratt, poetry, present poverty, and posthumous oblivion. Cruel patronage! to ruin a man at his calling; but then he is a divine subject for subscription and biography; and Pratt, who makes the most of his dedications, has inscribed the volume to no less than five families of distinction.

I am sorry you don't like Harry White; with a great deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed it killed him as you killed Joe Blackett),

certes there is poesy and genius. I don't say this on account of my simile and rhymes ; but surely he was beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Lofft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade. You must excuse my flippancy, for I am writing I know not what, to escape from myself. Hobhouse is gone to Ireland : Mr. D ** has been here on his way to Harrogate. You did not know M ** ; he was a man of the most astonishing powers, as he sufficiently proved at Cambridge, by carrying off more prizes and fellowships, against the ablest candidates, than any other graduate on record ; but a most decided atheist, indeed noxiously so, for he proclaimed his principles in all societies. I knew him well, and feel a loss not easily to be supplied to myself —to Hobhouse never. Let me hear from you, and believe me

Always yours,

BYRON.

LETTER XLII.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, August 25th, 1811.

My dear Sir,

Being fortunately enabled to frank, I do not spare scribbling, having sent you packets within the last ten days. I am passing solitary, and do not expect my agent to accompany me to Rochdale before the second week in September, a delay which perplexes me, as I wish the business over, and should at present welcome employment. I sent you exordiums, annotations, etc., for the forthcoming quarto, if quarto it is to be; and I also have written to Mr. Murray my objection to sending the MS. to Juvenal, but allowing him to show it to any others of the calling. Hobhouse is amongt the types already; so, between his prose and my verse, the world will be decently drawn upon for its paper-money and patience. Besides all this, my "Imitation of Horace" is gasping for the press at Cawthorn's, but I am hesitating as to the *how* and the *when*, the single or the double, the present or the future. You must excuse all this, for I have nothing to say in this lone mansion but of myself, and yet I would willingly talk or think of aught else. What are you about to

do? Do you think of perching in Cumberland, as you opined when I was in the metropolis? If you mean to retire, why not occupy Miss * * *'s "Cottage of Friendship," late the seat of Cobbler Joe, for whose death you and others are answerable? His "Orphan Daughter" (pathetic Pratt!) will, certes, turn out a shoe-making Sappho. Have you no remorse? I think that elegant address to Miss Dallas should be inscribed on the cenotaph which Miss * * * means to stitch to his memory. The newspapers seem much disappointed at his majesty's not dying, or doing something better. I presume it is almost over. If parliament meets in October, I shall be in town to attend. I am also invited to Cambridge for the beginning of that month, but am first to jaunt to Rochdale. Now M * * is gone, and Hobhouse in Ireland, I have hardly one left there to bid me welcome, except my inviter. At three-and-twenty I am left alone, and what more can we be at seventy? It is true, I am young enough to begin again, but with whom can I retrace the laughing part of life? It is odd how few of my friends have died a quiet death; I mean in their beds. But a quiet life is of more consequence. Yet one loves squabbling and jostling better than yawning. This *last word* admonishes me to relieve you from

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

LETTER XLIII.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, Aug. 27th, 1811.

My dear Sir,

I was so sincere in my note on the late C *** M **, and do feel myself so totally unable to do justice to his talents, that the passage must stand for the very reason you bring against it.* To him all the men I ever knew were pygmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved W. better; he was the earliest and the dearest, and one of the few one could never repent of having loved: but, in ability—ah! you did not know M ***!

“Childe Harold” may wait and welcome—books are never the worse for delay in the publication. So you have got our heir, George Anson Byron, and his sister, with you.

* * * * *

You may say what you please, but you are one of the *murderers* of Blackett, and yet you won’t allow Harry White’s genius. Setting aside his

* I do not remember the objection I made; at that period I sometimes wrote my opinions of the notes and alterations he sent me, when I had not time to copy what I wrote.

bigotry, he surely ranks next Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known ; and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man, till his death rendered all notice useless. For my own part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance : his very prejudices were respectable. There is a sucking epic poet at Granta, a Mr. Townsend, protégé of the late Cumberland. Did you ever hear of him and his “Armageddon ?” I think his plan (the man I don’t know) borders on the sublime ; though, perhaps, the anticipation of the “Last Day” (according to you Nazarenes) is a little too daring : at least, it looks like telling the Lord what he is to do, and might remind an ill-natured person of the line,

“And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.”

But I don’t mean to cavil, only other folks will, and he may bring all the lambs of Jacob Behmen about his ears. However, I hope he will bring it to a conclusion, though Milton is in his way.

Write to me, I dote on gossip—and make a bow to Ju—, and shake George by the hand for me; but, take care, for he has a sad sea paw.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

P.S.—I would ask George here, but I don't know how to amuse him—all my horses were sold when I left England, and I have not had time to replace them. Nevertheless, if he will come down and shoot in September, he will be very welcome; but he must bring a gun, for I gave away all mine to Ali Pacha, and other Turks. Dogs, a keeper, and plenty of game, with a very large manor, I have—a lake, a boat, house-room, and *neat wines*.

LETTER XLIV.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, September 4th, 1811.

My dear Sir,

I am at present anxious, as Cawthorn seems to wish it, to have a small edition of the "Hints from Horace" published immediately; but the Latin (the most difficult poem in the language) renders it necessary to be very particular not only in correcting the proofs with Horace open, but in adapting the parallel passages of the imitation in such places to the original as may enable the reader not to lose sight of the allusion. I don't know whether I ought to ask you to do

this, but I am too far off to do it for myself ; and if you can condescend to my school-boy erudition, you will oblige me by setting this thing going, though you will smile at the importance I attach to it.

Believe me, ever yours,

BYRON.

LETTER XLV.

TO LORD BYRON.

Brickstables, September 5th, 1811.

My dear Lord,

I saw Murray yesterday—if he has adhered to his intention, you will receive a proof of “Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage” before this letter. I am delighted with its appearance. Allowing you to be susceptible of the pleasure of genuine praise, you would have had a fine treat could you have been in the room, with the ring of Gyges on your finger, while we were discussing the publication of the poem ; not, perhaps, from what I or Mr. Murray said, but from what he reported to have been said by *Aristarchus*, into whose hands the “Childe” had somehow fallen between the time

of Murray's absence and return ; at least, so saith the latter. This happening unknown to you, and, indeed, contrary to your intention, removes every idea of courting applause : but it is not a little gratifying to *me* to know that what struck me on the first perusal to be admirable, has also forcibly struck Mr. Gifford. Of your Satire he spoke highly ; but this poem he pronounces not only the best you have written, but equal to any of the present age, allowing however for its being unfinished, which he regrets. Murray assured me that he expressed himself very warmly. With the *fiat* of such a judge, will not your muse be kindled to the completion of a work that would, if completed, irrevocably fix your fame ? In your short preface you talk of adding concluding cantos, if encouraged by public approbation : this is no longer necessary, for if Gifford approve, who shall disapprove ? In my last I begged you to devote some of your time to finishing this poem, which I am proud of having instigated you to give precedence before your "Horatian Hints." I may now repeat my request with ten-fold weight. You have ample time, for this is not the season for publishing, and it will be all the better for proceeding slowly through the press. How pleasantly then may you overtake yourself, and, with some little sacrifices of opinion, give the world a work that shall delight it.

and at once set at defiance the swarm of waspish curs that take pleasure in barking at you. As for the subject, it will grow under your hands. Your letters to your mother will bring recollections not only for notes but for the verse. Greece is a never-failing stream—then the voyage home, the approach to England, the death (for the not identifying yourself with the travelling Childe is a wish not possible to realize) of friends, and particularly of your mother, before you saw her; lastly, the scenes on your return to the “vast and venerable pile,” with the Childe’s resolution of taking his part earnestly in that assembly where his birth, by giving him a place, calls upon him to devote his time and talents to the good of his country. My eagerness carries me perhaps too far. I would give any thing to see you shining at once as a poet and a legislator. With respect to the sacrifice of opinion, I must explain myself—I am neither so absurd nor so indelicate as to express a wish that a man of understanding should profess aught that is not supported by his own convictions: but, not to proclaim loudly opinions by which general feelings are harrowed, and which cannot possibly be attended with any good to the proclaimer, on the contrary, most likely with much injury, is not only compatible with the best understanding, but is in some measure the result of it. Mr. Murray thinks that

your sceptical stanzas will injure the circulation of your work. I will not dissemble that I am *not* of his opinion—I suspect that it will rather sell the better for them: but I am of opinion, my dear Lord Byron, that they will hurt *you*; that they will prove new stumbling-blocks in your road of life. At three and twenty, oh! deign to court, what you may most honourably court, the general suffrage of your country. It is a pleasure that will travel with you through the long portion of life you have now before you. It is not subject to that satiety which so frequently attends most other pleasures. Live you must, and many many years, and that suffrage would be nectar and ambrosia to your mind for all the time you live. To gain it you have little more to do than show that you wish it, and to abstain from outraging the sentiments, prepossessions, or if you will, prejudice of those who form the generally estimable part of the community. *Your boyhood* has been marked with some eccentricities, but at three and twenty what may you not do? Your poem, when I first read it, and it is the same now, appeared to me an inspiration to draw forth a glorious finish. Yield a little to gain a great deal. What a foundation may you now lay for lasting fame, and love, and honour! What jewels to have in your grasp! I beseech you seize the opportunity. I am glad you have

agreed to appear in the title-page. It is impossible to remain an instant unknown as the author, or to separate the Pilgrim from the Traveller. This being the case, I am convinced that your name alone is far preferable to giving it under your description as “the Author of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;” because, in the first place, your rank dignifies the page, whilst the execution of the work reflects no common lustre on your rank; and, in the next place, you avoid appearing to challenge your old foes, which you would be considered as doing, by announcing the author as their satirist; and certainly your best defiance of them in future will be never to notice either their censure or their praise. You will observe that the introductory stanza which you sent me is not printed; Mr. Murray had not received it when this sheet was printed as a specimen: it will be easily put into its place. As you read *the proofs*, you will perhaps find a line here and there which wants polishing, and a word which may be advantageously changed. If any strike me, I shall, without hesitation, point them out for your consideration. In page 7, four lines from the bottom,

“ Yet deem him not from this *with* breast of steel,”

is not only rough to the ear, but the phrase ap-

pears to me inaccurate : the change of *him* to *ye*, and *with* to *his* might set it right. In the last line of the following stanza, page 8, you use the word *central*; I doubt whether even poetical licence will authorize your extending the idea of your proposed voyage to seas beyond the equator, when the poem no where shows that you had it in contemplation to cross, or even approach, within many degrees, the *summer tropic line*. I am not sure, however, that this is not hypercriticism, and it is almost a pity to alter so beautiful a line.* I believe I told you that my friend WALLER WRIGHT wrote an ode for the Duke of Gloucester's installation, as chancellor of the university of Cambridge. Some of the leading men of Granta have had it printed at the university press. He has given me two copies, and begs I will make one of them acceptable to you, only observing that the motto was not of his choosing. I believe the sheet may be overweight for one frank; I shall therefore unsew it and put it under two covers, not doubting that you will think it worthy of re-stitching when you receive it. I gave Murray your note on M **, to be placed in the page with Wingfield. He must have been a very extraordinary young man, and I am sincerely sorry for Hob-

* It is true the travellers did not cross the line ; but before Lord Byron left England, India had been thought of.

house, for whom I have felt an increased regard ever since I heard of his intimacy with my son at Cadiz, and that they were mutually pleased. I lent his Miscellany the other day to Wright, who speaks highly of the poetical talent displayed in it. I will search again for the lofty genius you ascribe to Kirke White. I cannot help thinking I have allowed him all his merit.—I agree that there was much cant in his religion, sincere as he was. This is a pity, for religion has no greater enemy than cant. As to genius, surely he and Chatterton ought not to be named in the same day: but, as I said, I will look again. I do not know how Blackett's posthumous stock goes off.—I have not seen or heard from Pratt since you left town; be that, however, as it may, I still boldly deny being in any degree accessory to his murder.

George Byron left us in the beginning of the week.

I ever am, my dear Lord,
Yours most truly,

R. C. DALLAS.

P. S.—Casting my eyes again over the printed stanzas, something struck me to be amiss in the last line but one of page 6—

“Nor sought a friend to counsel or condole”—

From the context I think you must have written, or meant—I have not the MS.—

“Nor sought *he* friend,” &c.

otherwise grammar requires—“Or seeks a friend,” &c.

These are straws on the surface easily skimmed off.

LETTER XLVI.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 7th, 1811.

My dear Sir,

As Gifford has been ever my “Magnus Apollo,” any approbation such as you mention, would, of course, be more welcome than “all Bokara’s vaunted gold, than all the gems of Samarkand.” But I am sorry the MS. was shown to him in such a manner, and had written to Murray to say as much, before I was aware that it was too late.

Your objection to the expression “central line,” I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England, it was his full intention to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he

could not have done without passing the equinoctial.

The other errors you mention I must correct in the progress through the press. I feel honoured by the wish of such men that the poem should be continued, but to do that, I must return to Greece and Asia; I must have a warm sun and a blue sky; I cannot describe scenes so dear to me by a sea-coal fire. I had projected an additional canto when I was in the Troad and Constantinople, and if I saw them again it would go on; but under existing circumstances and *sensations*, I have neither harp, "heart nor voice," to proceed. I feel that *you are all right* as to the metaphysical part, but I also feel that I am sincere, and that if I am only to write "*ad captandum vulgus*," I might as well edite a magazine at once, or spin canzonettas for Vauxhall.

* * * * *

My work must make its way as well as it can; I know I have every thing against me, angry poets and prejudices; but if the poem is a *poem*, it will surmount these obstacles, and if *not*, it deserves its fate. Your friend's Ode I have read—it is no great compliment to pronounce it far superior to S*'s on the same subject, or to the merits of the new chancellor. It is evidently the production of a man of taste, and a poet, though I should not

be willing to say it was fully equal to what might be expected from the author of "*Horæ Ionicæ*." I thank you for it, and that is more than I would do for any other ode of the present day.

I am very sensible of your good wishes, and, indeed, I have need of them. My whole life has been at variance with propriety, not to say decency ; my circumstances are become involved ; my friends are dead or estranged, and my existence a dreary void. In M** I have lost my "guide, philosopher, and friend ;" in Wingfield a friend only, but one whom I could have wished to have preceded in his long journey.

M** was indeed an extraordinary man ; it has not entered into the heart of a stranger to conceive such a man : there was the stamp of immortality in all he said or did ; and now what is he ? When we see such men pass away and be no more —men who seem created to display what the Creator *could make* his creatures gathered into corruption, before the maturity of minds that might have been the pride of posterity, what are we to conclude ? For my own part I am bewildered. To me he was much, to Hobhouse every thing.—My poor Hobhouse doted on M**. For me, I did not love quite so much as I honoured him ; I was indeed so sensible of his infinite superiority, that though I did not envy, I stood in awe of it. He, Hobhouse, D**, and myself, formed a coterie of

our own at Cambridge and elsewhere. D*** is a wit and man of the world, and feels as much as such a character can do ; but not as Hobhouse has been affected. D***, who is not a scribbler, has always beaten us all in the war of words, and by his colloquial powers at once delighted and kept us in order. H. and myself always had the worst of it with the other two ; and even M. yielded to the dashing vivacity of S* D***. But I am talking to you of men, or boys, as if you cared about such beings.

I expect mine agent down on the 14th to proceed to Lancashire, where, I hear from all quarters, I have a very valuable property in coals, &c. I then intend to accept an invitation to Cambridge in October, and shall, perhaps, run up to town. I have four invitations, to Wales, Dorset, Cambridge, and Chester ; but I must be a man of business. I am quite alone, as these long letters sadly testify. I perceive, by referring to your letter, that the Ode is from the author ; make my thanks acceptable to him. His muse is worthy a nobler theme. You will write, as usual, I hope. I wish you a good evening, and am,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER XLVII.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, September 10th, 1811.

Dear Sir,

I rather think in one of the opening stanzas of Childe Harold there is this line—

“ ‘Tis said at times the sullen tear would start.”

Now, a line or two after, I have a repetition of the epithet “*sullen reverie*;” so (if it be so) let us have, “speechless reverie,” or “silent reverie;” but, at all events, do away the recurrence.

Yours ever,

B—

Perhaps, as “reverie” implies *silence* of itself, wayward, downcast, gloomy, wrinkling, joyless, may be better epithets.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO LORD BYRON.

Brickstables, September 13th, 1811.

My dear Lord,

I went to town the day after I received yours of the 4th instant, to talk with Cawthorn on preparing your "Hints from Horace" for the press, but he had left town. I understand from the shopman that he is to be back soon, and I desired to be informed of his arrival, when I will lose no time in setting the "Hints" going. I did not return till late last night, when I found your *cargoes* of notes on my table. To these I will pay every attention, and also reply to the letter I received before I went to town: but I am anxious that you should know I have received the notes before you set out for Lancashire, which I conceive will be almost immediately, from your mentioning the 14th as the day you expect your agent at Newstead. May you find your collieries mines of gold! Although I have no time to spare at this moment, I will not close my letter without telling you that I also saw Murray, and after he had

groaned and sighed a little over “Childe Harold,” and the buffets he might encounter, it was resolved to dress him as handsomely as possible, and to go about it directly. He has given directions to the printer to use a new type, and to print it in the same manner as the specimen you saw. Excuse an abrupt conclusion, and believe me ever,

Yours most truly,

R. C. DALLAS.

Pray inform me of your movements; I will wait till I hear of them before I write.

LETTER XLIX.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, September 15th, 1811.

My dear Sir,

My agent will not be here for at least a week, and even afterwards my letters will be forwarded to Rochdale. I am sorry that Murray should *groan* on my account, tho’ *that* is better than the anticipation of applause, of which men and books are generally disappointed.

The notes I sent are *merely* matter to be di-

vided, arranged, and published *for notes* hereafter, in proper places ; at present I am too much occupied with earthly cares, to waste time or trouble upon rhyme, or its modern indispensables, annotations.

Pray let me hear from you, when at leisure. I have written to abuse Murray for showing the MS. to Mr. G. ; who must certainly think it was done by my wish, though you know the contrary. Believe me,

Yours ever,

B—.

LETTER L.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, September 16th, 1811.

Dear Sir,

I send you a *motto*—

L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont réconcilié avec elle.

Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais, ni les fatigues.

LE COSMOPOLITE.

If not too long, I think it will suit the book. The passage is from a little French volume, a great favourite with me, which I picked up in the Archipelago. I don't think it is well known in England; Moubron is the author; but it is a work sixty years old.

Good morning; I won't take up your time.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER LI.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 17th, 1811.

Dear Sir,

I can easily excuse your not writing, as you have, I hope, something better to do, and you must pardon my frequent invasions on your attention, because I have at this moment nothing to interpose between you and my epistles.

I cannot settle to any thing, and my days pass, with the exception of bodily exercise to some extent, with uniform indolence, and idle insipidity. I have been expecting, and still expect my agent,

when I shall have enough to occupy my reflections in business of no very pleasant aspect. Before my journey to Rochdale, you shall have due notice where to address me. I believe at the post-office of that township. From Murray I received a second proof of the same pages, which I requested him to show you, that any thing which may have escaped my observation may be detected, before the printer lays the corner-stone of an *errata* column.

I am now not quite alone, having an old acquaintance and school-fellow with me, so *old*, indeed, that we have nothing *new* to say on any subject, and yawn at each other in a sort of *quiet inquietude*. I hear nothing from Cawthorn, or Captain Hobhouse, and *their quarto*—Lord have mercy on mankind! We come on like Cerberus with our triple publications. As for *myself*, by *myself*, I must be satisfied with a comparison to *Janus*. I am not at all pleased with Murray for showing the MS. ; and I am certain Gifford must see it in the same light that I do. His praise is nothing to the purpose: what could he say? He could not spit in the face of one who had praised him in every possible way. I must own that I wish to have the impression removed from his mind, that I had any concern in such a paltry transaction. The more I think, the more it disquiets me; so I will say no more about it. It is bad

enough to be a scribbler, without having recourse to such shifts to extort praise, or deprecate censure. It is anticipating, it is begging, kneeling, adulating—the devil! the devil! the devil! and all without my wish, and contrary to my express desire. I wish Murray had been tied to *Payne's* neck when he jumped into the Paddington Canal, and so tell him—that is the proper receptacle for publishers. You have thoughts of settling in the country, why not try Notts? I think there are places which would suit you in all points, and then you are nearer the metropolis. But of this anon.—I am,

Yours ever,

B—.

LETTER LII.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 17th, 1811.

Dear Sir,

I have just discovered some pages of observations on the modern Greeks, written at Athens, by me, under the title of “*Noctes Atticæ*.” They will do to *cut up* into notes, and to be *cut up* afterwards, which is all that notes are

generally good for. They were written at Athens, as you will see by the date.

Yours ever,

B.

LETTER LIII.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 21st, 1811.

My dear Sir,

I have shown my respect for your suggestions by adopting them; but I have made many alterations in the first proof, over and above; as, for example:

“ Oh Thou in *Hellas* deemed of heavenly birth,
“ &c. &c.”
“ Since shamed full oft by *later lyres* on earth,
“ Mine, &c.
“ Yet there *I've wandered* by the vaunted rill ;”

and so on. So I have got rid of Dr. Lowth and drunk to boot, and very glad I am to say so. I have also sullenised the line as heretofore, and in short have been quite conformable.*

Pray write; you shall hear when I remove to

* This is an answer to a letter, of which I had not time to make a copy.

Lancs. I have brought you and my friend Juvenal Hodgson upon my back, on the score of revelation. You are fervent, but he is quite *glowing*; and if he takes half the pains to save his own soul, which he volunteers to redeem mine, great will be his reward hereafter. I honour and thank you both, but am convinced by neither. Now for notes. Besides those I have sent, I shall send the observations on the Edinburgh Reviewer's remarks on the modern Greek, an Albanian song in the Albanian (*not Greek*) language, specimens of modern Greek from their New Testament, a comedy of Goldoni's translated, *one scene*, a prospectus of a friend's book, and perhaps a song or two, *all* in Romaic, besides their Pater Noster; so there will be enough, if not too much, with what I have already sent. Have you received the "Noctes Atticæ?" I sent also an annotation on Portugal. Hobhouse is also forthcoming.

Yours ever,

B.

LETTER LIV.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 23d, 1811.

My dear Sir,

Lisboa is the Portuguese word, consequently the very best. *Ulissipont* is pedantic ; and, as I have *Hellas* and *Eros* not long before, there would be something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wish to avoid, since I shall have a perilous quantity of *modern Greek* in my notes, as specimens of the tongue ; therefore *Lisboa* may keep its place. You are right about the “ Hints ;” they must not precede the “ Romaunt ;” but Cawthorn will be savage if they don’t ; however, keep them back and *him* in *good humour*, if we can, but do not let him publish.

I have adopted, I believe, most of your suggestions, but “ *Lisboa* ” will be an exception to prove the rule. I have sent a quantity of notes, and shall continue ; but pray let them be copied ; no devil can read my hand. By the bye, I do not mean to exchange the 9th verse of the “ Good Night.” I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind ; and *Ar-*

gus we know to be a fable. The “Cosmopolite” was an acquisition abroad. I do not believe it is to be found in England. It is an amusing little volume, and full of French flippancy. I read, though I do not speak the language.

I *will* be angry with Murray. It was a book-selling, back-shop, Paternoster-row, paltry proceeding, and if the experiment had turned out as it deserved, I would have raised all Fleet-street, and borrowed the giant’s staff from St. Dunstan’s church, to immolate the betrayer of trust. I have written to him as he never was written to before by an author, I’ll be sworn, and I hope you will amplify my wrath, till it has an effect upon him. You tell me always you have much to write—write it; but let us drop metaphysics—there we shall never agree. I am dull and drowsy, as usual, doing *nothing*, and even *that nothing* a fatigue. Adieu! believe me,

Yours unfeignedly,

B.

LETTER LV.

TO LORD BYRON.

Brickstables, Sept. 24th, 1811.

My dear Lord,

I have received the *Noctes Atticæ* and all the notes, which shall be arranged, and copied in due time. I have just received your letter of yesterday, with the three accompanying covers. The alterations of the lines I like. I give up *Lisboa* to you, that is, I withdraw my vote for *Ullissipont*, on knowing, which I did not before, that *Lisboa* is the Portuguese name. Your dog, too, I yield up to damnation, though I once had one of whose fidelity I had extraordinary proofs.

If I have not written *the much* with which I have threatened you, it has been owing not solely to my avocations, but partly to a consciousness of my subject being too weighty for me, and not adapted to a hasty discussion. A passage in your letter of the 7th of this month, beginning—"Are you aware that your religion is impious? &c." incited me to a determination, in spite of the indolence I begin to feel on argumentative topics, to call you a *purblind philosopher*, and to break a

lance with you in defence of a cause on which I rest so much hope. I still dread that my feebleness may be laid to the account, and esteemed the feebleness of the cause itself.

By proposing to drop metaphysics, you cut down *the much* I meditated. I will not pursue them at present, though I think them the prime subjects of intellectual enjoyment. But, though I drop my point instead of couching my lance, I do not mean to say that I will not yet try my strength. Meanwhile, though neither Mr. Hodgson's glow nor my fervour has wrought conviction hitherto, this I am sure of, that you will not shut your mind against it, whenever your understanding begins to feel ground to rest upon. I compare such philosophers as you and Hume and Gibbon—(I have put you into company that you are not ashamed of)—to mariners wrecked at sea, buffeting the waves for life, and at last carried by a current towards land, where, meeting with rugged and perpendicular rocks, they decide that it is impossible to land, and though some of their companions point out a firm beach, exclaim,—“deluded things! there can be no beach, unless you melt down these tremendous rocks—no, our ship is wrecked, and to the bottom we must go—all we have to do is to swim on, till fate overwhelms us.” You do not deny the depravity of the human race—well, that is one step gained; it

is allowing that we are cast away—it is figuratively our shipwreck. Behold us, then, all scattered upon the ocean, and *all* anxious to be saved—all, at least, willing to be on *terra firma*; the Humes, the Gibbons, the Voltaires, as well as the Newtons, the Lockes, the Johnsons, &c.: the latter make for the beach; the former exhaust their strength about the rocks, and sink, declaring them insurmountable. The incarnation of a Deity! vicarious atonement! the innocent suffering for the guilty! the seeming inconsistencies of the Old Testament, and the discrepancies of the New, &c. &c.! are rocks which, I am free to own, are not easily melted down: but I am certain that they may be viewed from a point on the beach in less deterring forms, lifting their heads into the clouds indeed, yet adding sublimity to the prospect of the shores on which we have landed, and by no means impeding our progress upon it. In less metaphorical language, my Lord, it appears to me that free-thinkers are generally more eager to strengthen their objections than solicitous for conviction, and prefer wandering into proud inferences, to pursuing the evidences of facts; so contrary to the example given to us in all judicial investigations, where testimony precedes reasoning, and is the ground of it. The corruption of human nature being self-evident, it is very natural to inquire the cause of that corruption, and as natural to hope

that there may be a remedy for it. The cause and the remedy have been stated. How are we to ascertain the truth of them? Not by arguing mathematically, but by first examining the proofs adduced, and if they are satisfactory, to use our reasoning powers, as far as they will go, to clear away the difficulties which may attend them. This is the only mode of investigating with any hope of conviction. It is, to return to my metaphor, the beach on which we may find a footing, and be able to look around us; on which I trust I shall one day or other see you taking your stand. I have done; and pray observe, that I have kept my word; I have not entered on metaphysics, or the subject of revelation. I have merely stated the erroneous proceeding of free-thinking philosophy; and, on the other hand, the natural and rational proceeding of the mind in the inquiry after truth: the conviction must, and I am confident will, be the operation of your own mind.

And now to return to Hellas, Eros, and the Muses. Cawthorn's business detains him in the north, and I will manage to detain the "Hints" first from, and then in the press. The Romaunt *shall* come forth first. In the next sheet of it we shall arrive at Cintra—how I do wish that you would consider it as we go along, before it is irrevocably consigned to the Fates! —But I am precipitate; I will make my com-

ments when the stanza is before me, which it is not at present, either in print or MS. I am delighted with the generating of the notes, some of which I have read with great pleasure.

I meant to go to town to-day, but the weather has kept me at home—to-morrow I go, and shall be in town the rest of the week : if you are still at Newstead, direct for me at Cawthorn's.

That you are *dull* and *drowsy* is owing to your *doing nothing*. To be able to do nothing is the misfortune of fortune, unless the mind tasks itself with a certain degree of labour and activity, and then there is no greater blessing than leisure. Do something, I beseech you ; and if you will not write verse, write to improve your hand-writing, for in your notes your penmanship *deteriorates*. I *this instant*, Wednesday, two o'clock, as I am about to conclude this letter, receive a folio sheet, arriving as it were at the moment to make me retract the observation. You have written it so fair, and so legibly, that I have read it through without bungling more than three times.

Poor Lord E**! but I will not only give him up to your muse, but give you back some other plunderers of Grecian relics, whom you have struck out of your pages. Does not this deserve some little gratitude on your part ?

Ever truly yours,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER LVI.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, September 26, 1811.

My dear Sir,

In a stanza towards the end of canto first there is, in the concluding line,

" Some bitter bubbles up, and e'en on roses *stings*.

I have altered it as follows :—

" Full from the heart of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings."

If you will point out the stanzas on Cintra which you wish recast, I will send you mine answer. Be good enough to address your letters here, and they will either be forwarded or saved till my return. My agent comes to-morrow, and we shall set out immediately.

The press must not proceed of course without my seeing the proofs, as I have much to do. Pray do you think any alterations should be made in the stanzas on VATHEK ? I should be sorry to make any improper allusion, as I merely wish to

adduce an example of wasted wealth, and the reflection which arose in surveying the most desolate mansion, in the most beautiful spot I ever beheld.

Pray keep Cawthorn back ; he was not to begin till November, and even that will be two months too soon. I am so sorry my hand is unintelligible ; but I can neither deny your accusation, nor remove the cause of it.—It is a sad scrawl, certes.—A perilous quantity of annotation hath been sent ; I think almost *enough*, with the specimens of Romaic I mean to annex.

I will have nothing to say to your metaphysics, and allegories of rocks and beaches ; we shall all go to the bottom together, so “let us eat and drink, for to-morrow, &c.” I am as comfortable in my creed as others, inasmuch as it is better to sleep than to be awake.

I have heard nothing of Murray ; I hope he is ashamed of himself. He sent me a vastly complimentary epistle, with a request to alter the two, and finish another canto. I sent him as civil an answer as if I had been engaged to translate by the sheet, declined altering any thing in sentiment, but offered to tag rhymes, and mend them as long as he liked.

I will write from Rochdale when I arrive, if my affairs allow me ; but I shall be so busy and savage all the time, with the whole set, that my

letters will, perhaps, be as pettish as myself. If so, lay the blame on coal and coal-heavers. Very probably I may proceed to town by way of Newstead on my return from Lancs. I mean to be at Cambridge in November, so that, at all events, we shall be nearer. I will not apologize for the trouble I have given and do give you, though I ought to do so; but I have worn out my politest periods, and can only say that I am very much obliged to you.

Believe me,

Yours always,

BYRON.

Lord Byron at this period made his journey into Lancashire, and some little time elapsed before I took advantage of his disposition to oblige me relative to the stanzas on the Convention at Cintra. He had always talked of war *en philosophie*, and took pleasure in observing the faults of military leaders, nor was he inclined to allow them even their merit, Bonaparte excepted. In these stanzas he had not only satirized the Convention, but introduced the names of the generals ludicrously. I therefore urged him warmly to omit them, and the more, as the Duke of Wellington was then acquiring fresh laurels in the Peninsula. I began to make a copy of the letter

which I wrote to him on the subject, but something happened to prevent my finishing it; I insert what I kept.

LETTER LVII.

TO LORD BYRON.

London, October 3d, 1811.

My dear Lord,

The alteration of “some *bitter stings*,” shall be made previous to the stanza going to press. You say, if I will point out the stanzas on Cintra I wish recast, you will send me your answer; we are now come to them, and I fear your answer. What language shall I adopt to persuade your muse not to commit self-murder, or at least slash herself unnecessarily? She has not even the excuse of *Honorius* for the penance she imposes on herself, and must suffer. Politically speaking, indeed, in every sense, great deeds should be allowed to efface slight errors. The Cintra convention will, no doubt, be recorded; but shall a Byron’s muse spirt ink upon a hero? You admit that Wellesley has effaced his share in it, yet you will not let it be effaced. Were you to visit Tuscum, would it be a subject for a stanza that

Cicero, or some one of his family, was marked with a vetch? But you may think that Sir Harry and Sir Hew have done nothing to efface the Cintra folly: still the subject is beneath your pen. It had its run among newspaper epigrammatists, and your pen cannot raise it to the dignity of the poem into which you introduce it. Let any judge read the 25th stanza, and say if it be worthy of the pen that wrote the poem. The same of the 26th, 27th, and 28th. The name of Byng, too, is grown sadly stale in allusion.

"And folks in office at the mention sweat."

Sweat!—I beseech you, dear Lord, to let the exquisite stanza which follows the 29th* succeed the 23d,† &c. &c.

LETTER LVIII.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ:

1

Newstead Abbey, October 10th, 1811.

Dear Sir,

Stanzas 24, 26, 29, though crossed must stand with their *alterations*. The other three are cut

* Printed as the 27th stanza.

† These references are to my MS copy of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

out to meet your wishes.* We must, however, have a repetition of the proof, which is the first. I will write soon.

Yours ever,

B.

P. S. Yesterday I returned from Lancs.

* As the genius of Lord Byron has placed his fame so far above the possibility of being injured by the production of an occasional inferior stanza, and as the succeeding glories of the peninsular campaigns have completely thrown into shade the events alluded to, there can be no impropriety in now publishing, as literary curiosities, the three stanzas which were then properly omitted. The following are the six stanzas as they originally stood. Those appearing below, as 24, 26, 29, appeared in the poem, in an altered state, numbered there as 24, 25, 26, of the first canto. The stanzas marked below 25, 27, and 28, were those omitted :

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened !
 Oh, dome displeasing unto British eye !
 With diadem hight Foolscap, lo ! a fiend,
 A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
 There sits in parchment robe arrayed, and by
 His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
 Where blazoned glares a name spelt Wellesley :
 And sundry signatures adown the roll,
 Whereat the urchin points and laughs with all his soul.

XXV.

In golden characters, right well designed,
 First on the list appeareth one "Junot;"
 Then certain other glorious names we find ;
 (Which rhyme compelleth me to place below)

Q

Dull victors ! baffled by a vanquished foe,
 Wheedled by conyngtongues of laurels due,
 Stand, worthy of each other, in a row
 Sirs Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew
 Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of tother tew.

XXVI.

Convention is the dwarfy demon styled
 That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome :
 Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
 And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
 For well I wot, when first the news did come,
 That Vimiera's field by Gaul was lost ;
 For paragraph ne paper scarce had room,
 Such paens teemed for our triumphant host,
 In Courier, Chronicle, and eke in Morning Post.

XXVII.

But when Convention sent his handy work,
 Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar ;
 Mayor, aldermen, laid down th' uplifted fork ;
 The bench of Bishops half forgot to snore ;
 Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forbore
 To question aught, once more with transport leapt,
 And bit his dev'lish quill agen, and swore
 With foe such treaty never should be kept.
 Then burst the blatant* beast, and roared and raged,
 and—slept !!!

* “ Blatant beast,” a figure for the mob ; I think first used by Smollett in his Adventures of an Atom. Horace has the “ Bellua multorum capitum.” In England, fortunately enough, the illustrious mobility have not even *one*.

XXVII.

Thus unto heaven appealed the people ; heaven,
Which loves the lieges of our gracious king,
Decreed that ere our generals were forgiven,
Inquiry should be held about the thing.
But mercy cloaked the babes beneath her wing ;
And as they spared our foes so spared we them.
(Where was the pity of our sires for Byng ?)*
Yet knaves, not idiots, should the law condemn.
Then live ye, triumph, gallant knights ! and bless your
judges' phlegm.

XXIX.

But ever since that martial synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra ! at thy name ;
And folks in office at the mention sweat,
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will posterity the deed proclaim !
Will not our own and fellow nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Whese scorn her finger points through many a coming
year ?

* By this query it is not meant that our foolish generals should have been shot, but that Byng might have been spared; though the one suffered and the others escaped, probably for Candide's reason, "*pour encourager les autres.*"

LETTER LIX.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, October 11th, 1811.

Dear Sir,

I have returned from Lancs, and ascertained that my property there may be made very valuable, but various circumstances very much circumscribe my exertions at present. I shall be in town on business in the beginning of November, and perhaps at Cambridge before the end of this month : but of my movements you shall be regularly apprized. Your objections I have in part done away by alterations, which I hope will suffice ; and I have sent two or three additional stanzas for both "*Fyttes*." I have been again shocked with a *death*, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times ; but "I have almost forgot the taste of grief," and "supped full of horrors" till I have become callous, nor have I a tear left for an event which five years ago would have bowed down my head to the earth. It seems as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families ; I have no resource but my own

reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed very wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to cant of sensibility. Instead of tiring yourself with *my* concerns, I should be glad to hear *your* plans of retirement. I suppose you would not like to be wholly shut out of society; now I know a large village, or small town, about twelve miles off, where your family would have the advantage of very genteel society, without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence; where *you* would meet with men of information and independence; and where I have friends to whom I should be proud to introduce you. There are, besides, a coffee-room, assemblies, &c. &c. which bring people together. My mother had a house there some years, and I am well acquainted with the economy of Southwell, the name of this little commonwealth. Lastly, you will not be very remote from me; and though I am the very worst companion for young people in the world, this objection would not apply to *you*, whom I could see frequently. Your expenses too would be such as best suit your inclinations, more or less, as you thought proper; but very little would be requisite to enable you to enter into all the gaieties of a country life. You could be as quiet or bustling as you liked, and

certainly as well situated as on the lakes of Cumberland, unless you have a particular wish to be *picturesque*.

Pray, is your Ionian friend in town? You have promised me an introduction.—You mention having consulted some friends on the MSS.—Is not this contrary to our usual way? Instruct Mr. Murray not to allow his shopman to call the work “Child of Harrow’s Pilgrimage”!!!!!! as he has done to some of my astonished friends, who wrote to inquire after my *sanity* on the occasion, as well they might. I have heard nothing of Murray, whom I scolded heartily.—Must I write more notes?—Are there not enough?—Cawthorn must be kept back with the “Hints.”—I hope he is getting on with Hobhouse’s quarto.

Good evening. Yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER LX.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

October 14th, 1811.

Dear Sir,

Stanza 9th, for canto 2d, somewhat altered, to avoid a recurrence in a former stanza.

STANZA 9.

There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,
Have left me here to love and live in vain:—
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead,
When busy memory flashes o’er my brain?

Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
And woo the vision to my vacant breast :
If aught of young remembrance then remain,
Be as it may
Whate'er beside Futurity's behest ;
or,—Howe'er may be
For me 'twere bliss enough to see thy spirit blest !

I think it proper to state to you, that this stanza alludes to an event which has taken place since my arrival here, and not to the death of any *male* friend.

Yours,

B.

LETTER LXI.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, October 16th, 1811.

I am on the wing for Cambridge. Thence, after a short stay, to London. Will you be good enough to keep an account of all the MSS. you receive, for fear of omission ? Have you adopted the three altered stanzas of the latest proof ? I can do nothing more with them.—I am glad you like the new ones.—Of the last, and of the *trio*, I sent you a new edition—to-day a *fresh note*. The lines of the second sheet I fear must stand ; I will give you reasons when we meet.

Believe me yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER LXII.

TO LORD BYRON.

London, October 17th, 1811.

My dear Lord,

Your letter of the 11th made such an impression upon me, that I felt as if I had a volume to say upon it ; yet, it is but too true, that the sensibility which vents itself in many words, carries with it the appearance of affectation, and hardly pleases in real life. The few sentences of your letter relative to the death of friends, and to your feelings, excited in my mind no common degree of sympathy ; but I must be content to express it in a common way, and briefly.

Death has, indeed, begun to draw your attention very early. I hardly knew what it was, or thought of it, till I went, at the age of five-and-twenty, to reside in the West Indies, and there he began to show himself to me frequently. My friends, young and old, were carried to the grave with a rapidity that astonished me, and I was myself in a manner snatched out of his grasp. This, and the other sad concomitants of a West Indian existence, determined me to adopt, at whatever

loss, any alternative by which I might plant my family in England. Here I have grown old without seeing much of him near me, though, when he has approached me, it has been in his most dreadful form. I am led to these recollections from comparing your experience at three-and-twenty with mine long after that age. Your losses, and in a country where health and life have more stable foundations than in torrid climates, have been extraordinary; and that too within the limit, I believe, of one or two years. I thank you for your confidential communication at the bottom of the stanza, which so much delighted me. How truly do I wish that the being to whom that verse now belongs had lived, and lived yours! What your obligations to her would have been in that case is inconceivable; and, as it is, what a gratification would it be to me to believe, that in her death she has left you indebted to her; to believe that these lines

“ Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
And woo the vision to my vacant breast”—

are not merely the glow of a poetic imagination, nor the fleeting inspiration of sorrow; but a well-founded hope, leading to the persuasion that there is another and a better world.

Your reflections on the forlorn state of your

existence are very painful, and very strongly expressed. I confess I am at a loss how to preach comfort. It would be very easy for me to resort to common-places, and refer you to study and the enjoyment of the intellect; but I know too well that happiness must find its abode in the heart, and not in the head. Voltaire, who you know is no apostle with me, expresses this pleasingly :

“ Est-il donc vrai, grands Dieux ! il ne faut plus que j'aime !
La foule des beaux arts, dont je veux tour à tour
Remplir le vide de moi-même,
N'est point encore assez pour remplacer l'amour.”

He evidently means *love*, emphatically so called; but kind affections of every nature are sources of happiness, and more lasting ones than that violent flame, which, like the pure air of the chemist, when separated from common air, intoxicates and accelerates the term of its existence. Those affections are the only remedy I see for you. The more you lose, the more should you strive to repair your losses. At your age, the door of friendship cannot be shut; but man, and woman too, is imperfect:—you must make allowances, and, though human nature is in a sad state, there are many worthy of your regard. I am certain you may yet go through life surrounded by friends,—real friends, not—

"—— Flatterers of the festal hour,
The heartless parasites of present cheer."

I am truly sorry for the wretchedness you are suffering, and the more because I am certain of your not having any pathetic cant in your character. But while I think you have reason to be unhappy, I confide in the strength of your understanding to get the better of the evils of life, and to enter upon a new pursuit of happiness. You see the volume will come, but, believe me, it comes from the heart.

I thank you most kindly for that part of your letter which relates to my purposed retirement into the country. You judge rightly that I should not wish to be entirely out of society, but my bent on this head is more on account of my family than myself; for I could live alone, that is, alone with them. I often avoid company; but it has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life to see them coveted in society. Your account of Southwell delights me, and the being within reach of the metropolis would of itself outweigh the charm of the *picturesque*, though a charm, and a great one, it has. The being within a ride of you, however, is the decisive attraction. I will, then, from this time keep Southwell in view for my retreat, and at a future day we will take our flight. I am going to dine with the

Ionian to-day. He and Mrs. Wright carried me off suddenly last night to the Haymarket, to see Mathews, who performs no more in London this winter; for which I am sorry, as I am meditating another ordeal at the Lyceum, in which he might have been of use to me. Mr. Wright feels himself honoured in your desire of being personally acquainted with him, and I shall be proud of being the introducer of such friends. You think, no doubt, that I have communicated your poem to him, and you would not do me justice if you thought otherwise. He is the most intimate friend I have, though many years younger than myself. We accord very generally in our opinions, and we do not differ as to "Childe Harold." I meant to say something more about the progress of the poem, &c.; but I must postpone it. May peace and happiness await you.

I am ever,

My dear Lord,

Yours most truly,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER LXIII.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Cambridge, October 25th, 1811.

Dear Sir,

I send you a conclusion to the *whole*. In a stanza towards the end of canto 1st, in the line,

"Oh, known the earliest and *beloved* the most,"

I shall alter the epithet to "*esteemed* the most." The present stanzas are for the end of canto 2d. In the beginning of the week I shall be at No. 8, my old lodgings, in St. James's-street, where I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you.

Yours ever,

B.

LETTER LXIV.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

8, St. James's-street,
29th October, 1811.

Dear Sir,

I arrived in town last night, and shall be very glad to see you when convenient.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

R

LETTER LXV.

TO LORD BYRON.

October 30th, 1811.

My dear Lord,

I am very unfortunate in not having it in my power to come to you immediately ; and I consider myself as doubly so from my engagements being of such a nature as to prevent my meeting you before the beginning of next week, when I shall be happy to see you ; meanwhile I send you the three first sheets fairly printed for your ultimate inspection. Consider what I said as to the letter or figure of reference in the text to the notes : the press is yet standing. After this, the more speedy the better, that the poem may precede the " Hints from Horace," for the reasons I gave you.

Look at page 16 : I have made a pencil mark opposite " vainly pave," and " nose and ee ;" and at page 19, opposite " how," which rhymes weakly. On perusing your concluding stanzas I perceived that I had fallen into an error by combining your confidential communication respecting another stanza with the 5th, which is a most beautiful one : compare the concluding stanzas with that, to see if there is any incongruity.

I write in great haste. Believe me ever,

Yours very truly,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER LXVI.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

8, St. James's-street, October 31st, 1811.

Dear Sir,

I have already taken up so much of your time that there needs no excuse on your part, but a great many on mine, for the present interruption. I have altered the passages according to your wish. With this note I send a few stanzas on a subject which has lately occupied much of my thoughts. They refer to the death of one to whose name you are a *stranger*, and, consequently, cannot be interested. I mean them to complete the present volume. They relate to the same person whom I have mentioned in canto 2d, and at the conclusion of the poem.

I by no means intend to identify myself with *Harold*, but to *deny* all connexion with him. If in parts I may be thought to have drawn from myself, believe me it is but in parts, and I shall not own even to that. As to the "*Monastic dome*," &c., I thought those circumstances would suit him as well as any other, and I could describe what I had seen better than I could invent. I would not be such a fellow as I have made my hero for the world.

Yours ever,

B.

I saw Lord Byron soon after I received this letter, and was frequently with him. Towards the end of November, he went to Cambridge for a short time. It was during his absence that the following letter was written ; but he returned, and received it in town.

LETTER LXVII.

TO LORD BYRON.

November 29th, 1811.

My dear Lord,

I wish to direct your attention to several passages in the accompanying proofs, in which a minute critic might perhaps find something to carp at.

In stanza 24, the moon is called “a reflected sphere.” I do not know that this is admissible even to a poet. The sphere is *not reflected*, but reflects. The *participle present* would settle the sense, though I should prefer the adjective, *reflective*.

A similar objection appears to me, but I may be wrong, to “the track oft trod.” To the idea of *treading*, feet and firm footing seem so necessary, that I doubt whether it is in the power of a trope to transfer it to *water*. It is in the 27th stanza.

In the next, the 28th, if Fenelon has not made me forget Homer, I think there is ground for a

classical demurrer. Ulysses and Telemachus were individually well received by the immortal lady ; but you will recollect that *she* herself says to the latter—" No mortal approaches my shores with impunity." You say, " still a haven smiles." Though no advocate for an unvarying sweetness of measure, my ear rebels against this line, in stanza 39—

"Born beneath some remote inglorious star."

The stanza is remarkably beautiful, both for thought and versification, that line excepted, the idea of which is appropriate and good, but its want of melody checks the reader's pleasure just as it is coming to its height. I wish you would make it a little smoother. You find I have given over teasing you about your *sad* stanzas, and, to be consistent in my reluctant submission, I shall say nothing of the similar errors in the accompanying proofs ; but I am more than ever bent on dedicating a *volume of truth* to you, and shall set about it forthwith. The more I read, the more I am delighted ; but, observe, I do not agree with you in your opinion of the sex : the stanzas are very agreeable : the previous ones of the voyage from Cadiz through the straits to Calypso's Island are very fine : the 25th and 26th are exquisite. I will send for the proofs on Monday. I am,

Most truly yours,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Dear Sir,

I have only this scrubby paper to write on—excuse it. I am certain that I sent some more notes on Spain and Portugal, particularly one on the latter. Pray rummage, and don't mind my *politics*. I believe I leave town next week. Are you better? I hope so.

Yours ever,

B.

LETTER LXIX.

TO LORD BYRON.

December 14th, 1811.

My dear Lord,

You sent but few notes for the first canto—there are a good many for the second. The only liberty I took with them was, if you will allow me to use the expression, to *dove-tail* two of them, which, though connected in the sense, and relative to the reference in the poem, were disunited as they stood in your MS. I have omitted the passage respecting the Portuguese, which fell with the alteration you made in the stanzas relative to Cintra, and the insertion of which would overturn what your kindness had allowed me to obtain from you on that point. I have no objec-

on to your politics, my dear Lord, as, in the first place, I do not much give my mind to politics ; and, in the next, I cannot but have observed that you view politics, as well as some other subjects, through the optics of philosophy. But the note, or rather passage, I allude to is so discouraging to the cause of our country, that it could not fail to damp the ardour of your readers. Let me intreat you not to recall the sacrifice of it ; at least, let it not appear in this volume, in which I am more anxious than I can express for ~~your Country's~~ birth as a poet and as a philosopher. ~~I~~ about this, in which I thought myself warranted, I have ~~not~~ interfered with the subjects of the notes—yes, the ~~last~~ “*Fiction*” I turned as you have seen, conceiving it to have been no fiction to YOUNG. But when I did it I determined not to send it to the press till it had met your eye. Indeed you know that even when a single word has struck me as better changed, my way has been to state my thought to you.

The Pilgrimage is concluded, and the notes to canto second, and the shorter poems, are all placed in order. I am making the references, and to-day they will be ready for the printer. As there is not the slightest alteration in any of these notes, I shall not think it necessary to send them to you till you see them in the proofs. You have yet to see a revise of the last proofs, and a proof

of the conclusion of the poem. My nephew tells me you are going out of town in a few days. I should have been glad to have indulged in passing an hour or two occasionally with you, but regret is fruitless. I hope to have that pleasure when parliament meets. Before you go, pray let me have your *Preface*. I will send you the proofs as formerly.

All the notes relative to Greece and its modern literature I have placed together, referring them to this line,

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!"

Stanza 72, l. 1.

and all being written at Athens, they form an excellent conclusion, under the head of NOCTES ATTICÆ.

I ever am, my dear Lord,
Yours faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER LXX.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

December 17th, 1811.

We will have the MSS. and extracts printed in an appendix. I leave to you to determine whether the lighter pieces in rhyme had better be printed before or after the Romaic.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

np

